

May 30, 1962

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WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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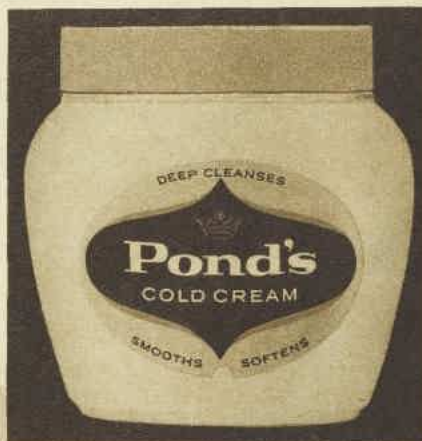
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The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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THE WEEKLY ROUND

● There was great excitement in the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Box, at Beverly Hills, N.S.W., when our last week's issue arrived.

AMONG the color pictures of the royalty who attended Queen Juliana's 25th wedding anniversary was a close-up of Queen Elizabeth wearing a yellow hat.

The hat was made by Mr. and Mrs. Box's daughter, Saidie, who is on a working holiday abroad.

When 26-year-old Saidie arrived in England last February, she had a letter of introduction to Aage Thaarup, the Queen's milliner.

He put her on the staff on trial and during the first few weeks she made a hat for the Queen.

When Aage Thaarup delivered the Queen's hats for her visit to Holland he told her that the yellow panama trimmed with navy had been made by an Australian girl on his staff.

The Queen asked him to send her best wishes to Miss Box and to say that she was delighted with the hat.

MRS. G. E. PEARSON, of East Victoria Park, Western Australia, is delighted to have won our Wedding Dress Contest.

Mrs. Pearson gave the dress—a copy of the one worn by Debbie Reynolds in the Paramount film "The Pleasure Of His Company"—and a two-week honeymoon at Hayman Island to her engaged granddaughter, Sandra Pearson.

Mrs. Pearson wrote: "The

Our cover

● Charming picture of Siamese kitten, Sepaki, Babette, and a Bass hound puppy, Sepaki, Anna, owned by Mrs. Walcott, of Palm Beach, N.S.W.

Sepaki is a combination of the names of Mr. Walcott's three children—son Sean, aged 5, daughter Pat, 5, and son Kim, 8. Mrs. Walcott has also named her home "Sepaki."

Picture by staff photographer Keith Barlow.

dress is magnificent on Sandra and she looks lovely.

"I feel sure I must be the happiest grandmother in the whole of the States to win such a prize."

FROM a reader who signed himself "Mere Male" came a letter about the article "Men Happier Than Women?" in our May 2 issue.

This "Mere Male" strongly supports the statement that people "should get to know each other, discuss problems, learn each other's tastes before marriage."

He writes: "I was 27 when my future wife 24 when we became engaged and, after a very short period, were married."

"We recently celebrated our golden wedding and still we were right, notwithstanding that we first met when our respective ages were 21 and 18."

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—May 30, 1962

GRACIOUS LIVING WITH THE SEA GIPSIES



SHIP'S COOK *Hinano Vii* sings to the owners and crew of the American motor-yacht *Wanderlure* in Sydney. On the rail: Mr. and Mrs. Carl Heintz, Les Boone, Lance Cottingham. On deck: Ron Hall, Guy Gunzberg. Below: *Wanderlure* in Rushcutter Bay.

Wanderlure's cruise

By ROBIN ADAIR

● There was one dish, for which his family was famous, that ship's cook *Hinano Vii* did not prepare when I lunched recently with American round-the-world sailors Carl and Eleanor Heintz.

HANDSOME 22-year-old *Hinano*, a native of the Marquesas Islands in the Pacific, did not — thank heavens — serve up photographer Keith Barlow and me!

His grandfather, a cannibal chief, might have. With relish. The cook descended from a man-eater was only one of the interesting people and stories that the Heintzes' motor-yacht, *Wanderlure*, carried into Rushcutter Bay, in Sydney Harbor, for a month's visit.

● There were the Heintzes — Carl, a retired (but far from retiring) Californian advertising agency owner, and his slim charming wife — who can't say for sure whether their globe-trot will ever end.

● There was the boat — a luxury craft that cost about \$46,000 ("I can't be sure," said Mr. Heintz. "I've never seen all the bills!") and has everything, including two kitchen stoves.

● There was an entry in *Wanderlure's* log that told the strange tale of an attack

by "pirates" in a Caribbean harbor.

● There were aboard two former members of the crew of the American ketch *Yankee*, a pleasure cruise of which was interrupted earlier this year by a bloodless "mutiny."

Maiden voyage

Wanderlure was built in the tiny American town of Bayou La Batre, Alabama (famous for building fishing boats), after the Heintzes had toured boatyards in America, Scandinavia, England, Scotland, and Spain in search of a builder who could meet their demands.

Mr. Heintz, a sprightly, suntanned 62-year-old, is a veteran sailor. So is Mrs. Heintz. They have been sailing since 1931.

In their previous boat, the 50ft. ketch *Four Winds*, they estimate they sailed 100,000 miles in ocean races and cruises.

In 1953 Mr. Heintz was commodore of the Los Angeles Yacht Club.

Wanderlure, 68ft. long, was launched in July last year



and set off on her long voyage that month.

To reach Sydney she sailed about 16,000 miles—from Florida, through the Panama Canal, on to the Galapagos and the Marquesas Islands, Tahiti, the Cook* and Tuamotu Islands, Samoa, Fiji, New Caledonia, and New Zealand.

There are, at the moment, about 34,000 miles to go.

The Heintzes' immediate plans for the voyage ("Actually," said Mr. Heintz, "we might really never finish") are to sail on from Australia

to the China Sea, then through the Indian Ocean, Red Sea, and Mediterranean to the British Isles and Scandinavian waters.

They will return to their home in Santa Barbara, California, by way of the Azores, the Caribbean Sea, and Panama Canal.

Galley wisdom

If this route is followed the voyage will end about 1964.

Wanderlure is well fitted for such a trip. Living quarters include a spacious master's stateroom, two guest

staterooms, and accommodation for a crew of four.

There are three showers (hot and cold fresh water), and the boat is air-conditioned throughout.

There is a large saloon and a galley fitted with electric refrigeration and deep freeze, double sinks, bottled-gas-heated separate oven and range.

The galley was built to Mrs. Heintz' specifications — she is an old hand at cooking at sea, often cooking for crews of up to nine on trips in *Four Winds*.

She had the *Wanderlure* galley made narrow enough for her to brace herself against fixtures during rough weather.

"If a galley is too spacious," she said, "the cook has to have a strap—like in a bus—to hang on to. This leaves only one hand free to work."

"You really get 'housemaid's knee' in a boat—bruises!"

There are other housekeeping tricks in a boat, added Mrs. Heintz. For instance, rich foods should never be

To page 4

NEW KOLYNOS FLUORIDE

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Look at her tooth enamel . . . tap! tap! Hard, strong and bright. That takes FLUORIDE* nature's own enamel builder. Dentists know the secret of stronger tooth enamel lies in natural FLUORIDE.

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KY359A

WANDERLURE'S CRUISE

From page 3

served for the first few meals after a stay in port.

Even the saltiest sailor can feel squeamish before he regains his sea-legs.

Shopping for a trip is also a task to terrify the average housewife.

Wanderlure left Florida with about two tons of provisions. Some of the original canned and packaged food is left, but Mrs. Heintz has to order large quantities of fresh food in each port.

Water is always a problem—even though the boat carries 2300 gallons.

Hinano, an orphan, has relieved Mrs. Heintz of much work since he joined Wanderlure in Tahiti.

He was at first hired only as cook while the boat was in port at the Tahitian capital, Papeete.

But the Heintzes took such a fancy to his cooking and to the colorful young man himself—he usually wears a bright native *pareu* (like a sarong), sings and dances expertly—that they will keep him on the long journey back to America, then fly him home.

"Unless, of course," said Mrs. Heintz, "we start the trip all over again—then we'll go home with him!"

The saloon is decorated with knives, swords, and a tiki (good-luck idol) from the Marquesan island of Nukuhiva, where Hinano's grandfather ruled.

Wanderlure's 180 h.p. diesel engine and 4300-gallon fuel tank can carry her 5500 miles at 10½ knots (12 m.p.h.) without using the auxiliary sails.

The large pilot-house is equipped with an automatic pilot, radar, radio direction-finder, short-wave radio, fathometer (depth-sounding device), an intercommunication system, and a radio-telephone which, in a range of about 5000 miles, is linked to New York and San Francisco.

In spite of Wanderlure's comfort and safety, the trip so far has not been all plain sailing.

Last August there was trouble when she sailed into Coxen Roads, the harbor of



● Mrs. Heintz and cook Hinano at work in Wanderlure's well-equipped galley. Hinano prepared the Heintzes' 40th wedding anniversary dinner on an exotic Pacific island.

Isla Roatan, in the Caribbean Republic of Honduras.

"Fifteen officials came out in a boat with a machine-gun in its bow. They swarmed aboard, ransacked cabins, stole whisky and cigarettes, and fired off guns," Carl Heintz said.

He was forced to pay the boarders 25 dollars (£10) to make them leave.

The two sailors from the American "pleasure-cruiser" Yankee whom I met at lunch were Dr. Richard Cardines, of Hartford, Connecticut, and Guy Gunzberg, 22, of Buffalo, New York.

Favorite isle

Dr. Cardines was not in the Wanderlure crew. He was a guest while the boat was in Sydney.

Guy had joined the boat at Auckland.

Other members of the crew of Wanderlure were first mate Ron Hall, 30, of Auckland, who has been twice around the world under sail, Lance Cottingham, 19, of Newport Beach, California, and an engineer, Les Boone, 19, who helped build the boat.

What port on the trip so far has most appealed to the wanderers?

The crew plump — with

faraway smiles—for Tahiti. But the Heintzes are torn between two other islands in the Society group—Moorea and Bora Bora.

Many scenes for the film the musical "South Pacific" were shot at Bora Bora. "They're lovely islands," said Mrs. Heintz. "So unspoiled. You can smell their flower miles at sea."

Another nearby island will often be in her thoughts—on sentimental reasons.

On tiny Huahine, near Tahiti, in January Hinano arranged a tamarara (Tahitian feast). At it the Heintzes celebrated their fortieth wedding anniversary.

FOOD-NOTE: The dish Hinano prepared for our lunch in Wanderlure was a Tahitian speciality—poisson cru, which is French for "raw fish."

Here's Hinano's recipe: He has used only tuna and snapper — very fresh, filleted and chopped into ½ in. squares. The fish is soaked briefly in salt water, squeezed, then covered with lime or lemon juice.

The fish is soaked for two hours in the juice, then squeezed again.

Our poisson cru was served with thinly sliced onions, green peppers, tomato, and boiled eggs on the side.



● Hinano again strums his guitar while Mrs. Heintz serves lunch to guests, the bearded American Dr. Richard Cardines, Mrs. Ralph Fleming, of Northbridge, N.S.W., and Mrs. Marshall Ney, of Castlegrog, N.S.W. Mr. Heintz is looking on, at centre.

Singer stays humble on the heights

By BILL WILSON, in New York

● From the squalid centre of Philadelphia to Upper Fifth Avenue in New York is perhaps the longest distance in America. For downtown Philadelphia is one of the most unkempt negro slums. Fifth Avenue is its opposite—a segregated empire-in-itself for the long-established rich.

It is a distance, however, long since traversed by Marian Anderson.

Born in Philadelphia of negro parents, she turned to have what is generally considered the finest contralto voice in the world and became the first negro to sing in New York for the Metropolitan Opera.

She has toured the world with her magnificent voice, singing concerts to audiences who demand her return again and again, and has sung "before all the crowned heads in Europe"—as they used to say—when there was rather more equality than nowadays.

Simplicity

Australians will soon have the opportunity of becoming acquainted with her when she performs in Sydney, Melbourne, Adelaide, and Brisbane.

The most striking fact about Marian Anderson is not that she has such a precious instrument in her voice, certainly, but that she is a negro.

It is rather her deep, utterly sincere and unaffected simplicity that strikes a visitor and makes for a warm communion with the audience wherever she sings, whether it be in Colombo or Copenhagen.

Sitting in her living-room at 26, 29, 31 (Town Hall), which is not the same thing—she took high across Central Park's half-mile of green roof against New York's drab sky, Miss Anderson talked to me about her career, her life, and her visit to Australia.

"We have been so very fortunate and we are very grateful," she said quietly of her rise to international fame. Of all the hours of hard, repetitive work she has done to polish an attractive voice into a precision musical instrument, to enunciate clearly in German, French, Italian, and Russian, she only says, with a soft smile:

"There is no pleasure in having something we don't have to work for."

She does not like to speak of herself in the first person and uses the pronoun "we."

An accompanist is always on the concert stage with Miss Anderson and the singer insists on sharing the acclaim.

Marian Anderson started singing before an audience in churches in her district in Philadelphia. Friends and neighbors recognised she had a voice that was quite out of the ordinary.

Queen of all the contraltos arrives here soon

They organised church benefits for her, contributed more small change than they could easily afford, and sent her to a voice teacher.

She studied with Giuseppe Boghetti, and in 1925, at the age of 19, won a contest to appear as soloist with the New York Philharmonic Orchestra.

She was the last candidate to sing in the open-air Lewisohn Stadium on a hot August day, but, as the "New York Times" music critic wrote, "The judges came to life as they heard this new, fresh, and magnificently promising voice."

In spite of that early success, Miss Anderson received few engagements afterwards—and those were with negro organisations.

However, she won a scholarship for study in Europe.

She made her debut in Germany—paying 500 dollars for the privilege—and recognition came, complete and instantaneous.

She became a celebrity, sang for the kings of Sweden and Denmark, and returned home to America.

But on the voyage across the Atlantic Miss Anderson tripped on a companionway and fell, fracturing her foot. Despite the accident, she would not let her manager postpone her first recital booked for New York.

She made her American debut in 1935 at the Town Hall, wearing a long white gown. No one guessed that it was covering the plaster cast on her foot.

The evening was a triumph, and the rest is history.

Her days of struggle were not over. In 1939 she became a *cause celebre* when the American women's patriotic association, Daughters of the American Revolution, refused her the use of Constitution Hall.

The excuse: "All dates are taken." The reason: Marian Anderson was a negro.

In the resulting furore Mrs. Roosevelt, wife of the President, resigned from the D.A.R. and arranged an open-air Easter concert on the steps of the Lincoln Memorial in Washington.

Rapturous

There, an audience of 75,000 listened rapturously to Miss Anderson and cheered her wildly. Later that year President and Mrs. Roosevelt invited her to the White House to sing before King George VI and Queen Elizabeth, then visiting the United States.

Marian Anderson has not rested with her musical accomplishments and has been one of the less stodgy of civil servants.

In 1958 she was appointed to the United States delegation at the United Nations, and was assigned to the Trusteeship Committee. The appointment owed more to her deep concern with backward peoples, encountered on her many foreign tours, than to her fame as an artist.

"There is a common core



MARIAN ANDERSON

we all have, no matter where we are born or in what circumstances," she said as we discussed her travels. "The day of isolation is past and we need to understand other peoples better. And these people have a direct influence on whether we continue to live or not."

"If we all could be a little better acquainted with each other, and not be in total darkness, we would all be so much happier."

In President Kennedy's short tenure she has already been

invited twice to the White House, and she seems to be falling into the role of America's "contralto laureate."

Miss Anderson is an American more qualified than most to understand the aspirations and yearnings of minority races.

She has not been a militant worker for negro rights, but by her example has advanced the negro cause in America. She opened the Metropolitan Opera to negro singers in 1955 when she sang the role

of Ulrica in Verdi's "Masked Ball."

In addition to her flat in New York, Miss Anderson keeps a farm in Connecticut with her husband, Orpheus H. Fisher, an eminent architect. They were married in 1943 and have no children.

Her concerts in Australia and New Zealand will include Italian classics, German lieder, operatic arias, English songs, and negro spirituals. A taxing programme?

"Not if you really love the songs . . . and one has been doing them a long time."

MARIAN ANDERSON will sing on these nights:

- In Sydney, May 24, 26, 29, 31 (Town Hall).
- In Brisbane, June 2, 4 (City Hall).
- In Melbourne, June 6, 9, 14 (Town Hall).
- In Adelaide, June 12, 16 (Town Hall).

She will open her New Zealand tour with a concert in Auckland on June 27 and will also sing in Wellington and Christchurch.

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THE INTERNATIONAL PASSPORT TO SMOKING PLEASURE

Girl with the executive desk

By CAROL TATTERSFIELD

● At 24, attractive Mrs. Marie Schmid — the general manager of three trading companies in Sydney — is on top of the business world.



THE companies — a parent and two subsidiaries — import, install, and service various types of air-conditioning.

"I take a hundred per cent. interest in everything that's going on," said Mrs. Schmid, looking very tiny and young behind her enormous managerial desk flanked by a typewriter and a tape-recorder.

"People," she added, "particularly men, expect me to be especially brilliant at the job because I'm a woman and so young as well."

"But I find if I use my common sense and a bit of diplomacy, I get by."

She asked over the intercom for the balance sheet to be brought in showing the results of the £16,000 turnover of the company's first trading year.

"The trading figures of £16,000 are more impressive," she said.

To keep ahead of the company's fast development, the young general manager gets to the office at 7.30 a.m.

Her office staff of four women and three men all follow the "boss's" example and usually in by 8 o'clock.

"We also have a technical staff of three," said Mrs. Schmid.

There is tremendous co-

operation from the staff. I think it's because the firm is just starting (this is our second year) and we all feel part of it."

Mrs. Schmid's undoubted ability and enthusiasm are tempered with a youthful uncertainty and modesty.

"I suppose I had an awful cheek asking for the job," she said with a smile.

"And if I'd known that there was going to be so much responsibility when I first took it on two years ago, I wouldn't have been game to try."

Office jobs

Her business life—from her first job at 17 to her present one—was simply that of "an ordinary shorthand-typist with average ambition."

After experience in a few offices, she resigned, aged 19, to marry Bruno Schmid, a Swiss who is an accountant with a Sydney firm.

During their long honeymoon through America to Bruno's family in Switzerland, Marie Schmid began to adopt the more European attitude that if a girl was going to work at a job it should be a job with a future.

So, back in Sydney again, she leapt at the chance of supervising the office work—with only one office girl to help her—of a new air-conditioning company.

"Though it was such a small job to start with, anyone with foresight could see that there was great potential in air-conditioning in Australia," she said.

She clinched the job offered by the company's managing director, Dr. G. T. Kaposy, through her ability to write business letters and deal with all the machinery of office-running.

As the company developed and more staff were employed, Dr. Kaposy gave her more and more responsibility.

She compiled the 40-page manual for the servicing of the air-conditioners issued by the company, coped with all the correspondence, made out the quotations for potential

clients, and was elected to the board of directors.

In February this year she was officially made the general manager, and with the appointment went the appropriate status symbol—her own company car, bright red.

Her first love

"That's the second love in my life," she said. Her first is her husband.

"I have a very happy home life," she added. "And I would hate to be so wrapped up in business that something went wrong."

To safeguard this, Mrs. Schmid never takes her work home and she and Bruno have a pact not to discuss their jobs.

"I think it's very important for a husband and wife to have the same interests," she said. "Bruno and I have identical interests and he even likes working early in the morning, too."

"Thank goodness he's not a steak-and-eggs-for-breakfast man. We just have coffee. So that makes it easy to cope in the mornings."

"But we both love cooking, so we spend all weekend trying out the most fantastic recipes."

Because Mrs. Schmid is adamant about keeping a balance between business and married life, she's very happy in her present position.

"I suppose the next step for

MRS. MARIE SCHMID, 24-year-old manager of three trading companies, at work behind her enormous, executive-type desk.

me would be to branch out and start my own company," she said. "But I'm not ambitious enough for that and it would involve sacrificing too much."

"My present job demands quite enough time and personal effort."

What about children? Mrs. Schmid smiled. "I hate to say it, but I don't think I have any motherly instincts yet. Anyway, I'm still young."

NEXT WEEK

● YOU, TOO, CAN ENJOY BEING A COLLECTOR

Searching the shops to buy old and lovely pieces for a home is a pleasure everyone can share—as an eight-page section in our next issue shows.

They don't have to be expensive. Collections can range from attractive copper cooking utensils that are useful as well as ornamental, from inexpensive and easily found Victoriana to—if you wish it—the more pricey and rare porcelain.

An expert advises on what to look for and what to avoid when buying china, silver, and glass.

And superb color pictures show lovely pieces in Australian home settings—to illustrate the effects that can be achieved.

● Ten pretty young hairstyles

In Teenagers' Weekly, 10 exciting new hairstyles (one is shown at right) for teenagers with definite ideas about how they want to look.

Easy to manage and admire, each style has a sketch to guide set-it-at-home hairstylists.



● Winter color

Your garden need never again be bare of winter color—if you plan ahead. An expert suggests winter-blooming shrubs and trees and tells when and how to plant them.

● Dress Sense — in color

● "Please illustrate a winter style I can take to my dressmaker to copy."

● "How can I renovate my last-season's suit?"

Betty Keep answers these and winter's most often asked fashion questions in a special Dress Sense section. And her suggestions are shown in color.

● All about potatoes

Potatoes, regarded mainly as a filler vegetable, can be the most interesting dish on the table. Next week, 22 recipes give unusual ways to cook and serve potatoes—from baked crown potatoes to a chocolate potato cake.



Too good to miss!



Arnott's
FAMOUS

CHOCOLATE BISCUITS

CHOCOLATE
MONTE



There is no Substitute for Quality

THE QUIET IRISH NURSE

No-lipstick job with Quakers led to war and revolution

● A glowing Irish complexion which needed no cosmetic aids started Nurse Constance Sitlington on the road to adventure 25 years ago.

SHE applied for a job as private nurse to the Quaker wife of an Irish millionaire, who wanted a quiet girl who wore no powder or lipstick.

Nurse Sitlington never dreamed that the position would lead her through war, revolution, the capture and imprisonment of her husband, and eventually to Australia and the search for oil.

Still retaining her soft, Antrim brogue, she is now Mrs. Sami Nasr, of Fairfield, N.S.W., wife of a distinguished Middle East geologist who is manager of exploration and chief geologist for Ampol Exploration Ltd.

The "no powder, no lipstick" job she applied for in 1937 led to another which took her to the Middle East just before World War II.

Quakers pride themselves on having a sense of "discernment about people." So when Constance Sitlington first called at the millionaire's home, his daughter, after one glance, turned to her mother and said: "Here is the new Matron of our hospital at Hammana."

This was a Society of Friends (Quaker) hospital near Beirut, in Lebanon.

Within a few months she was appointed Matron at Hammana. When France fell in 1940, she headed for British-held Haifa.

Haifa was in flames following an Italian air-raid, and a Quaker agent advised her, "Lady, you keep going!"

She "kept going" until she reached the relative safety of the Quaker hospital at Gaza, where she met A.I.F. nurses who were setting up an Australian general hospital.

Used my bath

"I was lucky enough to get very nice flat with a modern bathroom," she recalls.

"The Australian nursing sisters used to visit me and make good use of my bath!"

A year later Matron Sitlington was among volunteers who welcomed the exhausted Australian Sixth Division in Palestine after the evacuations of Greece and Crete.

She liked the Australians so much that she determined to visit Australia some day.

In 1948 Matron Sitlington married Mr. Sami Nasr, a Jerusalem-born, American-educated chief geologist for the Iraq Oil Company.

A fellow-visitor to the home of one of Mr. Nasr's closest friends was an ill-fated 13-year-old schoolboy, Feisal, King-elect of Iraq, whom Mr. Nasr had known since he was a small boy.

Through Feisal the Nasrs met and became friendly with Feisal's cousin, Hussein, now King of Jordan.

In 1955, Mr. Nasr became field manager and general manager of the Mosul Petroleum Company. A year later, Feisal, on his 21st birthday, became King of Iraq.

"My husband's friendship with King Feisal was very personal but rather strange," Mrs. Nasr says. "He was, in fact, very close to the King. Yet openly he had to appear to be far from him."

"Quite frequently, almost up to the time of Feisal's murder in the 1958 uprising in Iraq, Feisal used to telephone my husband and call

of the general leading the revolution.

While the astounded guards stood by, she proclaimed her husband's innocence and demanded his freedom.

The revolution leader heard her out and referred her to his Prime Minister. Next day Mr. Nasr was released, but for five months was kept under house arrest in Baghdad.

Mr. and Mrs. Nasr went to England and Ireland, where Mr. Nasr took a Master of Science degree in geology at Trinity College, Dublin.

Chose Australia

Last year they set about choosing a new home.

"We catalogued all the countries in the world in which we would like to settle," Mrs. Nasr says. "We wanted somewhere that offered us freedom, space, people we liked, and somewhere my husband could continue his life's work, to find oil."

"Remembering the wonderful men and women of the Second A.I.F. I had met in Palestine, I cast my vote in favor of Australia."

Mr. and Mrs. Nasr came to Australia last year. In October, Mr. Nasr joined the Bureau of Mineral Resources in Canberra.

He left recently to direct the search for oil on Ampol's north Queensland leases and assist its partner company, WAPET, which is trying to find oil in Western Australia.

Mr. Nasr has already visited the Moonie field in Queensland, and potential oil areas in the Northern Territory, South Australia, and Western Australia.

"Australia has great possibilities as a potential producer of oil," he says, "but to find more fields like Moonie is not going to be easy."

Mrs. Nasr takes a keen interest in her husband's work, but does not accompany him when he goes searching for possible drilling sites.

"Being married to a geologist is very much like being married to a doctor," she says. "Since I married Sami I've heard a lot of geology discussed, but I treat all I hear like secrets in a hospital. Anyway, I don't understand most of it."

Since the war Mrs. Nasr has used cosmetics to counteract the pallor which came from years spent in the Middle East climate.

But she still has a very soft spot for the Quakers.



MRS. SAMI NASR, former nurse Constance Sitlington, who defied armed guards to demand the release of her husband, imprisoned in Bagdad in 1959. They chose to settle here because of the "wonderful Australians" she met in the war.



MR. NASR (left) talks oil with the late King Feisal of Iraq (right) and Feisal's cousin, King Hussein of Jordan (centre). The economy of the Middle East kingdoms depends on oil. Below: King Feisal, who was assassinated in 1958, with Mr. Nasr, who had known him since boyhood. Mr. Nasr was often called to the royal palace to advise the King.





DIGBY WOLFE'S NEW HOME

● Digby Wolfe, TV's personality compere, spends a great part of his life in public before the eye of the TV camera. His successes have made him millions of fans and enabled him to spend his private life in a beautiful home at Whale Beach, N.S.W., which he has completely transformed.

—Nan Musgrove

Pictures are by staff
photographer Keith Barlow

DIGBY WOLFE'S life is punctuated by telephone calls. The bench is teak, its central cushion cover is peacock-blue hand-woven wool. The hall, carpeted in white, leads to the four bedrooms. Digby's mother, Mrs. W. J. Wolfe, will soon join him from England.

OUTSIDE front (right) of the two-storey house. At the back, banana palms and papaw trees almost hide it from the street; in front, its land runs right to the cliff. Digby plans three terraces with swimming-pool on the second.



MAGNIFICENT VIEW (below) of a continuing scallop of peninsulas to the north past Woy Woy. Digby extended the catwalk in front of the living-room's sliding-glass doors to make a balcony about 20ft. wide. Its blue-and-white-striped awning and white furniture will repeat the living-room colors.





LIVING-ROOM. There is nothing in the rather blank street approach to the house to prepare visitors for the enchanting room and the view they have once they're inside the front door. The enormous living-room has a polished wood floor. Rugs of rich royal-blue highlight the couches covered in white Thai silk, the marble, crystal, and black lacquer coffee tables. White Thai silk curtains cover the glass wall from ceiling to floor.



ANOTHER VIEW of the living-room. The handmade furniture in the dining area is teak; rugs are cream. The dining-chairs have seats of plaited cream cord. The milk-glass sliding doors at right lead to the kitchen, a small dream of teak and stainless steel, with red curtains and red, gold, and white wall mosaic.



ORIENTAL annexe to the living-room. The crystal-and-brass octagonal table has eight chartreuse stools. Note the gold wall-paper, the wall mosaic, and the teak-and-lacquer cocktail cabinet. The exotic wall of gold and black divides the room from a staircase leading down to the Polynesian rumpus-room and the bar.

TV STARS AT HOMES FAIR

● Carlingford Homes Fair, which opened to the public last Saturday, will have its official opening on Thursday, May 24.

FAMOUS TV personality Tommy Hanlon, jun., who will be accompanied by his wife, Murphy, and seven-year-old daughter, April, will act as Master of Ceremonies and will introduce Mr. A. H. Whaling, Shire President of Baulkham Hills Shire Council, who will declare the Fair open.

Dawn Lake and Bobby Limb, Terry Dear, George Foster, Brian Henderson, Elaine White, and Jimmy Hannan are some of the 14 other TV personalities who have been invited.

Cyclonic rain delayed the opening for a week, but many country people who travelled to Sydney specially to see the Fair were admitted for a private view of some houses.

The Fair will be open seven days a week—on weekdays from 1 p.m. to 10 p.m.; Saturdays, 10 a.m. to 10 p.m.; Sundays, 10 a.m. to 6 p.m.

The Fair will remain open for six weeks until July 1. Admission charges are: Adults 4/-, children 1/-. For an extra 2/- you may park your car in the 25-acre carpark.

Twenty-four homes have been built on the Kingsdene Estate, the magnificent new 115-acre subdivision in Penrith Hills Road, Carlingford.

Nineteen of these lovely family houses have been designed by seven distinguished architects. The other five are standard houses available through Lend Lease Homes.

Plans for the 19 architect-designed houses are available at The Australian Women's Weekly Home Plans Centre, Anthony Horderns, Box 7052,



TELEVISION STAR Tommy Hanlon, jun., with his wife, Murphy, and daughter, April.

G.P.O., Sydney. Telephone B0951, extension 220.

The Fair and the subdivision, in which the houses and many blocks of land are for sale, is a joint project

developed by The Australian Women's Weekly and Lend Lease Homes.

Finance is available for purchasers of the houses or blocks of land.

Do you spoil your wife?

● Here's an American quiz, prepared with the aid of Dr. Helen Hall Jennings, a New York consulting psychologist, to score your own marriage. We didn't take it too seriously. What do YOU think?

QUESTIONS

1. A reorganisation under way at work may lose you your job. Would you keep the news from her?
YES NO
2. You must make a train at 6.15 a.m. for a special trip. Would you tell your wife not to bother getting up and making breakfast?
YES NO
3. She hates marketing. Would you do the weekly shopping for her on Saturday?
YES NO
4. She wants a tape-recorder. This surprises you, but you have extra money. Would you buy it?
YES NO
5. It's 5 p.m. on your wedding anniversary and you're going home after an exhausting day. Suddenly you realise you've forgotten a gift. If you stop you'll miss your train. Would you still buy it?
YES NO
6. Would you insist that your wife, though well and strong, leave the heavy gardening to you?
YES NO
7. She wants to drive to a meeting at night, but the car's brakes slip a little. You've had a tiring day. Would you drive her and call for her?
YES NO
8. Your best friend, recovering from a serious illness, can have visitors in hospital, but your wife says hospitals depress her. Would you go alone?
YES NO
9. Do you always, or almost always, get up at night when the children need attention?
YES NO
10. She's planning an important dinner party for your boss and is jittery about it. Her mother is a capable, experienced hostess. Would you urge your wife to call on her mother for help?
YES NO

● If you answered Yes to questions 2, 4, 7, and 10 don't be upset—you are not spoiling your wife. But if you answered Yes to 1, 3, 5, 6, 8, and 9 you are! Here's how the experts interpret Yes answers:

ANSWERS

1. You're trying to shield your wife from bad news. She should share your good fortune—and bad.
2. It isn't spoiling her to let her stay in bed, especially when you are perfectly able to manage, and she has doubtless got a full day ahead.
3. You're spoiling her if you cater to this foolish attitude. There are many distasteful things we all must do in life. Marketing is a vital part of a wife's job. Of course, husbands can do the shopping occasionally.
4. If it's not at the expense of necessities and if the whims do not come too often, there's nothing wrong with indulging a wife now and then.
5. You'd be spoiling her if you stopped to buy the gift. The reason: you'd be maintaining the romantic fiction that a remembrance must be forthcoming, no matter what. She must face the fact that you were too busy earning a living to get the gift.
6. If she wants to dig, why shouldn't she? Why make her feel like a frail flower?
7. It isn't pampering if you take charge in this case. Of course, you should get the brakes fixed.
8. It's unrealistic to be depressed by hospitals to the point of shunning them entirely. Catering to this attitude would be spoiling her.
9. This chore ought to be shared equally. She may have had a tough day, but so may you.
10. In this case, asking her to call is not spoiling the wife. Her mother may be better able to cope with the problem.

SOCIAL

THE SILVER LIGHTHOUSE COMMITTEE
The Royal Blind Society will launch its "7 Best Dressed Rooms" exhibition at David Jones Gallery on May 29 with a gala champagne cocktail party.

The rooms have been designed by noted Sydney interior decorators to suit the lives of ten well-known people—cluding baby David Lloyd Jones. He's seen by Thomas Gil as growing up in a friendly, old-fashioned nursery furnished with antiques.

John Bown's morning-room for Dame Pattie Menzies is Queen Anne period to "combine her femininity and office background." Malcolm Forbes, who is doing a study of Sir Garfield Barwick, pictures him in a room which suggests "quiet strength and diversity of interests" with Georgian desk, red curtains, golden carpet, and tooled leather book.

Strong colors, comfortable contemporary furniture, and specially woven leopard carpet are used by Stuart Low capture author Morris West's "sincerity, style, and exceptional qualities." Mary White's outdoor retreat for Richie Bena has not a cricketing item in sight. She envisages him as writer in a summer-house with books, music, and lots of "breathing space for his tremendous personality."

The bedroom designed by Leslie Walford for Gough Wither has turquoise lacquered furniture and subtle touch of luxury to reflect her "wit, wistfulness, and charm." La Hall Best's tribute to the "whimsical humor and individuality" of industrial designer and sculptor Gordon Andrews is room set for breakfast at 4 a.m.

Merle du Boulay expresses Judy Barraclough's "sophisticated elegance" with a sitting-room furnished in muted beige to white tonings as a foil for the vibrant colorings in a portrait of Judy by Judy Cassab. As a key to the "glossy" background of film star Anne Baxter (Mrs. Randolph Galt), the town house sitting-room for her, designed by Warren Harding as David Lorimer, has pewter metallic wallpaper.

Television star Digby Wolfe's "zest for life" is interpreted by Joyce Tebbutt in a living-room with "curry colors" and wooden furniture dyed blue and vivid green.

INSTEAD of farewelling her parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. Ryan, of Toorak, when they sail from Melbourne in the Ruys for a four-month trip abroad in June, their daughter Jill will wave them goodbye from Sydney. She plans to pick up, piling her car with effects for her future home at "Parraweena," Willow Tree, after her marriage to Brian Coburn in October. They will include lots of gifts she received for her just-celebrated twenty-first birthday. She's delighted that 90 per cent. of her birthday presents were chosen with her in mind (a charming old cottage not far from the homestead at "Parraweena") in mind. Also taking up their residence at "Parraweena" after the wedding will be Jill's show horse Nutcracker and Summertime.

QUEEN ELIZABETH the Queen Mother and the Duchess of Gloucester were among guests at the wedding of Henrietta Montagu-Douglas-Scott to Major John Griffin St. Anne's Church, Kew Green, London. The bride, who was private secretary to Lady Slim during Sir William Slim's term as Governor-General of Australia, was attended by children! The boys were in white knee-breeches and cherry-red satin Regency coats set off with lace jabots. The little girls wore long white organdie frocks rashed with cherry-satin ribbon. The couple first met on the steps of Government House, Canberra, when Major Griffin was a member of the Queen Mother's staff during her tour here in 1958. He is son of Mr. and Mrs. A.W.M.S. Griffin, of Greathead Manor, Lingfield, Surrey, and a second cousin of Mr. Eric Griffin of Gladwood Gardens, Double Bay.



SMILES from Mr. and Mrs. Peter Everett, who left last week by plane to make their home at Kuala Lumpur, Malaya. Before her recent marriage Mrs. Everett was Miss Rosemary Arnott, of "Glen Alvan," Murrumbidgee.

ROUNDAABOUT

By Mary Coles



ABOVE: After honeymooning in Queensland, Mrs. John Hall (centre) lunched at Romano's with Miss Delphine Little (at left) and Miss Susan Vicars before leaving Sydney to make her home at Ivanhoe. Miss Little and Miss Vicars were bridesmaids to Mrs. Hall, formerly Miss Jeanette Carson, at her recent marriage.



CONGRATULATIONS from the Ambassador for Greece, Mr. P. Annino Cavallierato, for flower girls Chrisoula Paizis and Sandra Soulos, who attended debutantes at the Greek Young Matrons' Association Ball at the Australia Hotel to aid the Royal Alexandra Hospital. AT LEFT: Two of the six pretty debutantes were Miss Carol Raftopoulos with Mr. Paul Kouvaras and Miss Anna Demos with Mr. Peter Arthur (couple on the right).



AT RIGHT: Pictured from left are Mrs. Norman Hing, Mrs. Lionel Jacobs, Mrs. Donald Newstead, and Mrs. Cedric Symonds watching parade of models presented by Clara Centenaro, of Rome, at Chevron Hilton Hotel to aid the United Nations Freedom from Hunger Appeal.



ENTHUSIASTS at the "No Time To Spare" exhibition at David Jones' Gallery were Mr. and Mrs. Quentin Stanham, of "Camden Park," Menangle, and Mrs. Hannah Fairfax (at right). The exhibition, arranged by the N.S.W. Women's Committee of the National Trust of Australia, featured furnishings and photographs of Sydney's early stately home.

PRESIDENT of the Royal Overseas League, Sir John Northcott, chatting with Miss Patricia Stuart-White and Miss Antoinette Lloyd-Morris (on the right), who were among guests of honor at a sherry party at the clubrooms to welcome new members of the League.



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your Family Chemist

Worth Reporting

SYDNEY hairdresser Mr. Walter Brown, just returned from a world tour, was showing us a Japanese fashion and beauty book — as glossy and smart as any we've seen.

Hard to read, of course, but we did remember to start from the back, and follow the pictures from right to left.

The Western trend was very evident, and the girls' clothes and hairstyles could have come straight from Paris.

The arbiter of good grooming in Japan is Mrs. Aiko Yamano, publisher of the magazine, leading business-woman, and fashion adviser.

Mrs. Yamano ("a remarkable woman") has six sons, yet she and her husband own and direct the world's largest beauty school (in Tokio) and six other salons. Three of their salons are in Los Angeles, Brazil, and Malaya.

The school has 1000 day, 1000 night, and about 650 correspondence students.

We are interested to hear from Mr. Brown that Japanese hairdressers work from 8 a.m. to 9 p.m. six days a week, for £15 a month. A permanent wave costs about £1.



Mrs. Aiko Yamano . . .
on good grooming.

"The delicacy and beauty of Japanese art is carried over to their hairstyles and make-up," he said. "They are beautiful girls, beautifully groomed."

The visit to Japan was a highlight of Mr. Brown's trip, which included New York, London, Vienna, Rome, Paris, Zurich.

"Everybody, including the hairdresser, is sick of the bouffant, lacquered look," he said.

"In New York, at the International Beauty Show, the new Classic Line was featured. It is softer, more natural — and backteasing, lessened considerably, is only done lightly with a brush. The hair is moulded into a palm-leaf shape."

New colors are fur shades — beiges, tans, dusty-browns.

"Milady and Monsieur" salons are doing roaring trade on the Continent. Services for men include blow waving and color treatment.

Will such pandering to men's vanity come here? No, Mr. Brown doesn't think so. The Australian male would have none of it.

La Caravelle — chic, racy

LIKE most things French and feminine, La Caravelle has that indefinable "it."

She's racy. She's chic. She's the last Gallic word in medium-range twin-jet passenger airliners, the first of her type seen in Australia.

She bought with her from France a 24-man mission from the Sud-Aviation company, her manufacturers, and 1000lb. of pamphlets, flags, and small display model jets.

Aim of the exercise was to sell her type of plane to Australian airline companies. But she did the real work herself. With charm.

We met her on the tarmac at Sydney's Mascot airport, during the course of her series of demonstration flights, and took in her flight to Canberra and back to Sydney.

We were impressed by:

- Her size. She's more petite than the other giant four-jet liners we've seen here. She carries only 80 passengers at a maximum.

- Her teardrop-shaped windows, which are all the better for looking down from on the view below.

- Her fantastically swift, 20-second run along the tarmac before being airborne.

- Her 30-degree angle climb from the ground, which does the same things to the stomach as a ride on a roller-coaster.

- Her even temperament — not a flicker of a vibration as she soared to 16,000ft. in a matter of five minutes.

- Her silence — just a whisper of noise.

- Her comfort, which includes easy-to-reach ashtrays and get-out-of-able seats.

TWO comments on the modern Englishwoman:

- Herman Schriever, an interior decorator: "Women who have the most exquisite houses and faultless taste in furnishing are inclined to dress in 'dowdy chic.' They have perfectly made coats and skirts in no color; they wear colorless but perfectly made shirts or sweaters; one rope of pearls, sometimes two, and small pearl earrings and two or three good rings. Their shoes and handbags are in best-quality leather, and having once and for all settled how to look nice they never change."

- Angus McGill, speaking in the B.B.C. Home Service session about life as a bachelor in London: "What has happened to that golden girl you used to hear so much about; the one who hated expensive restaurants, who cooked delicious meals and washed your socks and snuggled at your feet knitting mohair sweaters; listening to your views on the Congo, United Nations, the Common Market, and decimal currency? I have never met such a girl in my life. The girls I meet are beautiful, frail, and helpless. Not one has washed a sock in her life, and each and every one has an enormous appetite."



Mrs. Eileen Beck . . .
women were barred.

Stymied — by a male

MRS. EILEEN BECK.

Surrey housewife, would say it's a shame suffragette Emmeline Pankhurst didn't play golf.

For Mrs. Beck, though she has all the qualifications, has been turned down for entry into the British Open Championship to be played in Ayrshire in July.

She plays high-standard golf, and recently joined the British Professional Golfers' Association when it opened its ranks to women.

"But," says the secretary of the Open Championship Committee (a man), "the Championship has been an event for men only for 100 years, and the inclusion of a woman has never been contemplated."

There are no professional women golfers in Australia. The Professional Golfers' Association here declined to comment on the reason for this, but a mad keen golfer (male) we know says, "They'll never be good enough. They aren't built properly, and their attitude is wrong. Besides, they're a nuisance on the course."

Joyce Greenwood, N.S.W. woman amateur golf champion, commented: "I know a lot of the men think like that — but just as many don't."

"As far as professional golf is concerned, a girl would have to be very good to compete with men. We haven't the strength to hit the long shots, and without it we might as well stay at home for any professional match."

Garbo stopped the snoopers

THE high cost of privacy. Greta Garbo, it seems, was irritated by a cameraman who was constantly trying to photograph her from the roof of the villa next door to hers in the South of France.

All protests failed and Mrs. Garbo eventually solved her problem — by buying the villa next door.



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There's magic in that stethoscope

● White coats and stethoscopes seem to be television's passport to fame these days. The latest medical series, "Dr. Kildare," which began recently on A.B.C.-TV, looks like being the best of the lot so far.



Raymond Massey as the irascible Dr. Gillespie.

DR. KILDARE is the modern TV version of the old movie series of the same name.

In that series, more than 20 years ago, Lew Ayres played the young Dr. Kildare, and Lionel Barrymore, in a wheelchair, was his crippled and irascible superior in Blair Hospital.

The TV series has leading men who are more handsome and better actors.

Richard Chamberlain, who plays Dr. Kildare, is a husky 26, very fair, very handsome. Raymond Massey plays Dr. Gillespie. A fine actor, and a restrained one, he resists the temptation to ham the role as Barrymore did from the wheelchair.

It is always hard to tell about a series after seeing only one episode, but if we follow America in our tastes—and we usually do—"Dr. Kildare" will capture big audiences against allcomers.

Its stories deal with Kildare's daily work and cases and his struggles to measure up to the standards set by a brilliant but cranky boss.

There will always be those who stick loyally to Dr. Ben Casey, but Dr. Kildare has one big advantage over his dark-haired rival—he doesn't specialise in neuro-surgery.

Kildare is a physician dealing with anything from casualities to complicated medical problems, which naturally provides a greater variety of stories.

Massey's Dr. Gillespie is confined to a wheelchair. He stalks round the corridors of the hospital, needling young Dr. Kildare. He is very good. Lew Ayres, the original Kildare, agrees with me.

"Massey, a very good actor, fits the character as it was originally written as well as anybody could," he said recently.

"And this Richard Chamberlain—I've studied the last half dozen or so episodes very closely and I can truthfully say Chamberlain has the situation at Blair Hospital well in hand.

"I think Chamberlain is excellent and modern in concept.

"Dr. Kildare and Gillespie improve episode by episode.

"I observe them very closely on my TV set at home. As time has gone on, the two doctors have begun to work together not as professional actors but as pro-

fessional physicians. There is a certain atmosphere a pair of medical colleagues develop between them. It doesn't come overnight to real doctors, much less to TV actors. But Chamberlain and Massey are getting it.

"I made nine 'Dr. Kildare' movies," he added, "and I can say that the TV version is better, has more realism than the films ever had.

"When I look at the old 'Dr. Kildare' movies today, they seem very dated. If the original group of actors were all alive, many things would have to be changed to make the films acceptable to the current theatrical and TV standards."

It must make very pleasant reading for the new Dr. Kildare and Dr. Gillespie to hear what Ayres thinks of them. Incidentally, Chamberlain always refers to Ayres as "the real Dr. Kildare." It's a nice attitude, I think.

Prince Philip's fine telecast

IF there is any truth in published reports that Prince Philip is gradually to bow out of the public eye in favor of his son Prince Charles, it is a sad day for the British Royal family.

Prince Philip is their best, and most human, public relations officer, as he proved recently when he compered a 30-minute programme on A.B.C.-TV about his tour of South America.

It was a notable telecast, a smooth production full of interest, which originated from Britain's commercial TV station, not from the B.B.C.

At the end of the programme, which he compered and narrated, Prince Philip was interviewed by Brian Connell.

Connell conducted what appeared to be quite a normal interview without any obvious cushioning against questions that might have caused difficulties.

Prince Philip has the knack of making you feel he appreciates your problems. Asked whether South America was a good place to go for a holiday, he said it undoubtedly was.

"But it's a longish way to go for a holiday and it would cost a lot," he said.

One of the things that I liked was that he calls him-

self "I," and not the irritating "one" favored by so many English notables.

● "I felt decidedly odd at 17,500 feet in an unpressurised Land-Rover.

● "I had confetti in my pockets and trouser turn-ups for weeks after a confetti welcome along the streets of the city."

It is one of Prince Philip's many real-people habits.

By NAN MUSGROVE

He talked about the diminishing role the British investor plays in South America in a way I understood perfectly.

"World War I started the rot," he said.

No doubt the script for the narration was written, edited, and rehearsed over and over, but it was beautifully done and delivered in a polished, unrehearsed way.

I was intrigued with Prince Philip's remarks about the Duke of Windsor. Illustrating the bond between the Chilean and the Royal Navy, he

showed pictures of the then Prince of Wales tour there, 31 years ago.

I can't remember such an "official" acknowledgement of the Duke of Windsor for years, except on occasions like State funerals. Perhaps it's the first sign of a new attitude toward him.

Fonteyn ballet on country TV

NEW SOUTH WALES country TV stations will show the hour-long ballet film presented by The Australian Women's Weekly and BP Australia Ltd at the following times:

CTC 7, Canberra, and CBN 8, Orange, on Saturday, June 2, 8 to 9 p.m.; RTN 8, Lismore, on Saturday, June 16, 8 to 9 p.m.

The film presents an hour of ballet with Dame Margot Fonteyn and stars of the Royal Ballet.

A five-page color souvenir programme of the show is published on pages 33-39 of this issue.

Readers should keep this color souvenir as a guide to the programme when it is shown on their station.

FILM REVIEW AND GOSSIP

With MIRIAM FOWLER

★★★ TENDER IS THE NIGHT

The romance of a psychiatrist (Jason Robards, Jr.) and his rich patient (Jennifer Jones) at a Zurich clinic leads to their marriage and restless hi-jinks on the millionaire circuit of Europe. Based on a Scott Fitzgerald novel, this psychological drama is an absorbing and skilfully played character switch—the dominant Robards becomes the dependent spouse when his wife is fully cured. A flamboyant Joan Fontaine, as Jennifer's frank sister, leads the well-complemented team of minor characters.—Century, Sydney. In a word . . . ABSORBING.

LONDON theatregoers are currently roaring their approval of Alex Viespi, an Italian cowboy from Wyoming, who looks like becoming the latest screen heart-throb. Viespi is starring opposite Irish actress Siobhan

McKenna in "Play With A Tiger," and has already filmed his screen debut in "The Chapman Report," in which he stars with Shelley Winters and Jane Fonda. This six-footer, who has worked on a rodeo circuit and was brought up on a ranch, has played summer stock with Katharine Hepburn and Robert Ryan in Stratford (Ontario) Shakespearean roles.

WHEN Michael Todd, jun., failed to emulate his late father's success with a multi-million-dollar failure based on "Smell-O-Vision"—which featured gadgets under theatre seats to emit scents of things appearing on the screen—the young trier went into temporary retirement. Todd is now in business again and hopes to spend 2,000,000 dollars on an "all-silent comedy" named "Busman's Holiday." He expects to film his movie in color and CinemaScope later this year.



● Richard Chamberlain, who makes a handsome, dynamic young Dr. Kildare in the television version of the popular old "Dr. Kildare" movies.

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Always choose Farex mixed cereal or Farex rice cereal, and remember to ask your family chemist for the free Farex Weaning and Recipe booklet. Till they're doing fine on Farex, watch them grow on Glaxo.

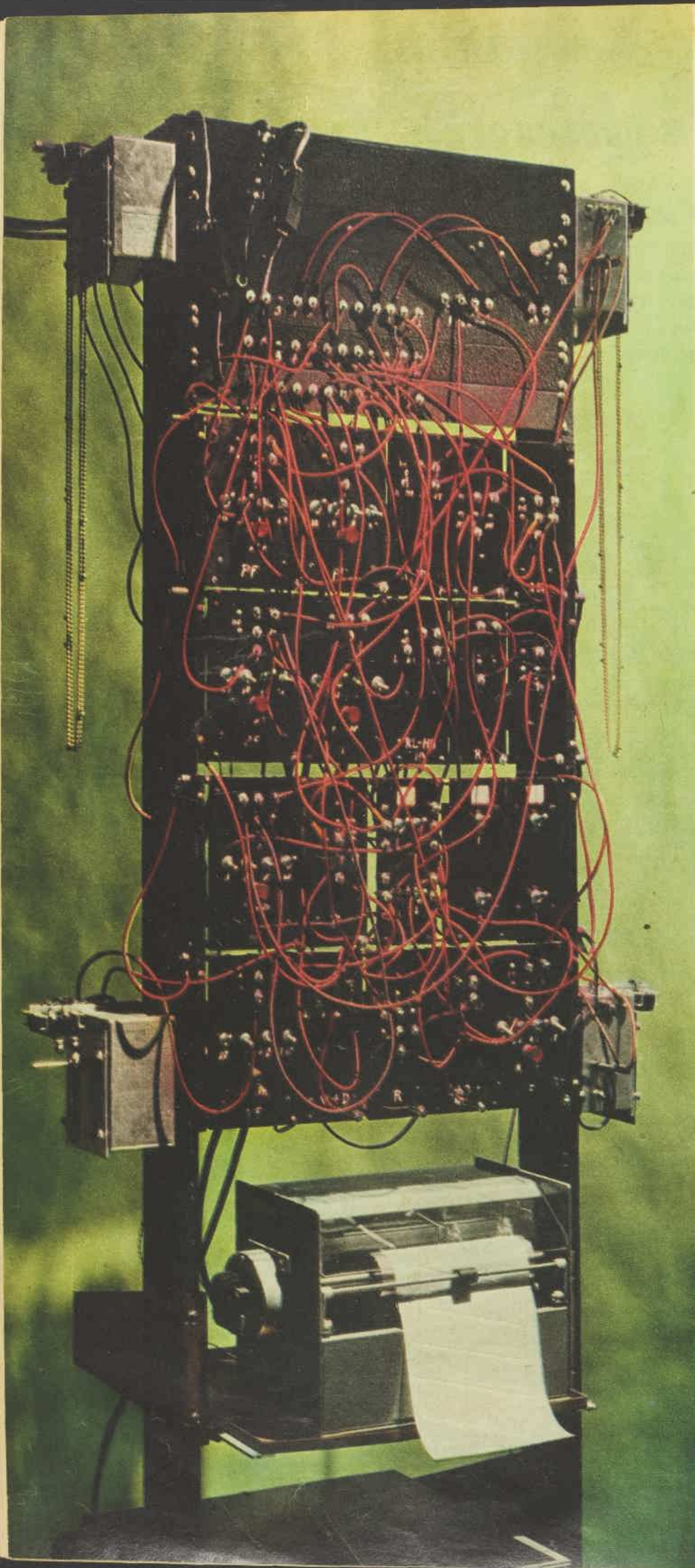


... on Farex

F3

READ "TV TIMES" FOR FULL WEEK'S PROGRAMMES

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — May 30, 1962



IT KEEPS A MOST UNUSUAL DIARY

This intricate machine is used by Parke-Davis scientists to measure patterns of learning, strength of motives, and the effects of new drugs on these aspects of behavior.

It is but one of many methods used in Parke-Davis research to discover new drugs that will act on the brain and other parts of the nervous system.

Mental and nervous illnesses are hospitalizing more patients at any one time than all other causes combined. For this reason, Parke-Davis continues to assign more and more of its research capacities in the search for medicines useful in this field.

We started such work many years ago. Our efforts played a key role in developing the most successful drug to control epilepsy. Millions of sufferers from this disease can now lead near-normal lives.

But millions more are afflicted by other serious nervous disorders still uncontrolled. The need for help is urgent. At Parke-Davis, special forces of scientists are continuing to devote their full energies toward the discovery of better medicines for these disturbed minds.

Parke, Davis & Company (Inc. U.S.A.—Ltd. Liability), Sydney

PARKE-DAVIS

... PIONEERS IN BETTER MEDICINES

FATHER



"Guess what I forgot to get you for your birthday?"

MOTHER



"... And if Mum finds out about that broken window, please don't let her be cross with me!"

It seems to me

TEST item on the marriage-counselling comes from Canada, where a research group investigated the opinions of couples on color combinations.

The researchers questioned husbands and wives, asking them to choose a suitable shade to combine with one already chosen.

Differences," stated the researcher, "emerged from the manner in which each pair, when faced with a disagreement, explored alternatives and sought solutions." One can reconstruct the dialogues...

"Oh, don't be Uncle Willie," says the husband. "This purple looks O.K. with the green one."

"Don't speak to me like that," answers wife, "it's not purple. It's mauve. And I didn't have it in the kitchen."

"Who said anything about the kitchen, for heaven's sake?" asks husband.

"You don't think I'd be asking you what to put in the living-room, do you?" enters the wife.

"Strike me pink..." begins the husband.

At this point the psychiatrist, listening on the phone, says, "Obvious areas of disagreement" to the marriage counsellor, who presses attention and says, "Would Mr. and Mrs. Black please come to Room Number Seven."

"We think we can help you," begins the psychiatrist.

"What's all this about?" asks husband anxiously.

"Oh, I'm afraid there's a slight misunderstanding, Doctor," says the wife. "My friend, who was on the committee, asked us to come, and I didn't quite explain the idea to my husband, and I was wanting to choose some colors for the next time I can get him to paint the room..."

"Look," says the husband, "I don't care what colors she has as long as she gets the dinner time."

"Quite right, too."

"I'll have this one," the woman in the cash-and-carry was saying, "it's sixpence off."

"Sixpence off what?" asked her friend.

"Oh, goodness, I don't know," said the first woman, "but I never buy any of this stuff unless something off whatever it is."

"Let's not be hypocritical. I'm a great believer in the sixpence-off line myself. The other day I bought some toothpaste that was sixpence off. And I don't know what it was either. It's time we found out."

LETTER - WRITER to a daily paper made a plea for the general use of the term "senior citizen."

"Senior citizen," now fairly commonly in use, strikes me as insufferably patronising.

However, "underprivileged" (for poor) no longer raises an eyebrow, and in time I suppose "senior citizen" won't, either.



Dorothy Drann

TWO British scientists have been studying the capacity of the human mind and ear to absorb two or more ideas at once. They chose, appropriately, cocktail parties for their study.

Their finding, that most cocktail-party guests listen with only one ear to the person addressing them, use the other to pick up bits of conversation from the rest of the room, is quite comforting.

In behaving that way at cocktail parties I have always believed myself to be absent-minded and ill-mannered. It is nice to know that one is no worse than most other people.

When you are in one group, the talk and laughter from another group often sounds more attractive. On the scientists' findings, it appears that the members of the other group, who seem to be paying such attention to one another, may in reality be tuned to a farther outpost.

The scientists say that since most cocktail-party conversation consists of clichés, the feat of listening to two conversations at once is not really difficult.

They do not give examples, but it is easy to find your own. For instance, the word "shocking" is likely to refer either to the weather, the latest crime, or the newest literary or art award, according to the company. It doesn't much matter which as long as you nod your head.

I questioned an acquaintance, a regular cocktail-party guest, on this two-way listening report.

"But I never listen to what anyone says at a party," he said.

"But you always look so attentive," I said.

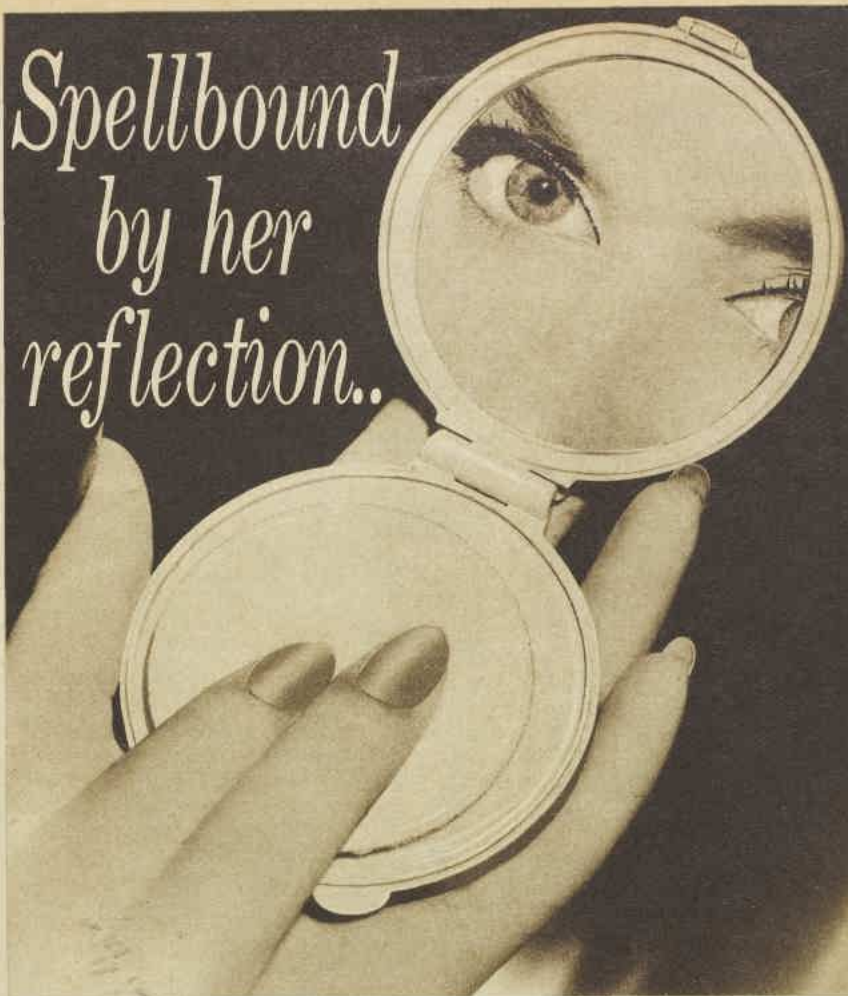
"That's just habit," he answered. "I spend the time reviewing the day's work and making plans for the next."

Do have compassion, if you can,
When speaking of the Weather Man.
He does his best, he's often right,
He wishes he had second sight.

Not only does he fail to please
When forecasting a gentle breeze
That proves to be a roaring gale,
But whether shine or frost or hail,
He can't relax as others may,
And say, "A nice (or nasty) day,"
Unless it happens to have clicked
With what he ventured to predict.

And spare some sympathy for wives—
How hazardous their daily lives!
"Oh, Mum," the children say, "What fun,"
(At breakfast) "Look, at last the sun!"
And Mother hisses, "Do be quiet,
Your father didn't prophesy it."

Spellbound
by her
reflection..



Enchanted by the beauty she sees...
the beauty of

Judith Aden's
"EVEN-GLOW"
COMPACT MAKE-UP

The finest, most inexpensive beauty veil ever given to women...

Judith Aden's "Even Glow." It's so fine that your skin seems to be under a spell.

All you see is beauty.

Six enchanted shades in delightful shell pink case with satin backed puff and personal mirror.

5/11



Flattering Fluid Make-Up

Use as a foundation base under "Even-Glow" Powder for that smooth matte finish look that models have.

5/-



You just cannot buy better... whatever you pay.

ONLY AT WOOLWORTHS



**GIVE
YOURSELF
A
"COFFEE-
BREAK"**

NOTHING IN THE WORLD LIKE THE ROUSING GOOD TASTE OF COFFEE

Whenever you have to think more clearly, give yourself a coffee-break!

At home or at work coffee cheers you up. Gives you a little extra get-up-and-go. And see how you spark to the hearty, rich taste of it!

Coffee is mighty good company—and it makes you better company.

Ideas flow and friendships grow over a cup of coffee.

Drink it often! Enjoy coffee at mealtimes! Relax over coffee at your favourite restaurant! For lively satisfaction, nothing else comes close.





LETTER BOX

• We pay £1/1/- for all letters published. Letters must be original, not previously published. Preference is given to letters with signatures.

Reading in bed

Now that winter is upon us, would someone please come up with a suggestion of how one can read one's favorite magazine in bed in comfort? If I pull the blankets up I turn the pages, and if I don't pull them up my arms would. Either way it's uncomfortable.

£1/1/- to "Big Freeze" (name supplied), Trangie, N.S.W.

They are worse off

I am the poor relations in our family and I used to feel discontented with my lot until I took on mission work. Working among the really needy folk and seeing their desperate struggles taught me a lesson. The misfortune of being through no fault of their own really staggers me. I feel guilty now for having a comfortable home and plenty of food and clothing.

£1/1/- to "Reformed" (name supplied), Meningie, S.A.

Giving up smoking

Does anyone know a way to help give up smoking? I know girls who have taken up knitting, crochet, basketry, sewing, and boys who have begun to paint, write, and go to keep busy during the first few awful weeks of giving up the habit. I knitted woollies for all the family and saved out—not quite so bad as eating sweets.

£1/1/- to "Non-smoker Now" (name supplied), Atherton, Qld.

Books for country folk

Are people who live in rather isolated areas like myself aware of the wonderful Public Library service available there? My family—a teenage daughter, a school-age son, a husband, and myself—receive books on astronomy, history, poetry, and fiction. The range is unlimited and the books are up to the minute. The only cost involved is the return of the borrowed books, and as this is concession rate is negligible. I've been a satisfied member for three years.

£1/1/- to Mrs. E. D. Hutchins, Murchison, Vic.

They went to the wrong house

A little girl and her friend (both seven) recently went to see the high-school sports, which were held just across the road from our house. They were away such a short time and why they had left early. They had to, they told me, because a gentleman on the microphone said, "Will all those children walking about please go to their houses!" I explained that students are grouped in "houses" and he was talking to competitors, not to them.

£1/1/- to Mrs. W. Brodie, Salisbury North, S.A.

Party extras

I THINK "Stranger" (N.S.W.) is on the wrong track in complaining about having to provide "party treats" for her children's birthday guests to take home to their brothers and sisters. The usual practice is merely to give each departing guest a piece of birthday cake.

£1/1/- to Mrs. G. E. Ferguson, Bindoon, W.A.

HAS "Stranger" forgotten, or didn't she experience, the joy of a brother or sister coming home from a party—to which she wasn't invited—clutching a piece of cake, and perhaps a balloon and some sweets, wrapped in a party serviette? I always ask the little guests at our parties how many brothers and sisters they have and send some bits and pieces home for them.

£1/1/- to "May" (name supplied), Kalgoorlie, W.A.

LAST Saturday I had the job of cutting one small slice of birthday cake into three pieces. I wished the carrier had eaten it on the way home.

£1/1/- to "Maryanne" (name supplied), Stafford, Qld.

MOTHERS who feel all the family should be invited to a birthday party are worse than those small guests who demand "party favors" to take home. You'll find, "Stranger," that though we all conform, we disapprove.

£1/1/- to Mrs. M. Rowlands, Narrabundah, A.C.T.

A PARTY is given to share the excitement of a child's birthday with his or her friends. What better way is there to spread that happiness a little further than to send a balloon and some sweets to the little ones at home? It costs so little and it means so much to those who had to be left out.

£1/1/- to "Joy" (name supplied), Lorne, Vic.

I, TOO, disapprove of sending home party novelties to brothers and sisters. My son and daughter recently attended a party and arrived home with a plastic doll (the price tag on the back said 4/6) and an aeroplane as gifts from the party-giver. This is going too far, especially as my daughter wants to do the same when her turn comes.

£1/1/- to "Gee Gee" (name supplied), Oakleigh, Vic.

ON YOUR FEET A LOT?



Here's blissful comfort for tired aching legs

Supp-hose

THE SHEER SUPPORT NYLON STOCKINGS THAT EASE TIRED LEGS!

Women everywhere are discovering blissful comfort with SUPP-HOSE — the only housewive stockings that support your legs! Housewives, working women, mothers-to-be and those suffering from varicose veins have all found blissful relief from aching legs with SUPP-HOSE. They look and wash like any other sheer nylons — yet their gentle pressure gives wonderful support. Try them! 42/- PAIR

* ALL NYLON * 7 PROPORTIONED FITTINGS * GUARANTEED 9 TIMES LONGER WEAR * 4 COLORS

HN244

SUPP-HOSE by HILTON

WOES OF THE TOES SWIFTLY ENDED!



Rub away the misery of sore, tired, aching feet, with this highly successful Continental foot ointment. Get rid of painful bunions, swellings, protesting muscles or nagging sprains.

Baume Dalet penetrates quickly to the trouble source — letting its healing ingredients give full relief.

Ask your family chemist for — Baume Dalet — 6/- a tube

Baume Dalet... A FOOT OINTMENT OF GREAT PENETRATING POWER

WB10-4

Stay as sweet as you are with

The deodorant you can trust

THE IDEAL GIFT! A SUBSCRIPTION TO The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

Rate	1/2 Year	1 Year
Aust.	£1/10/6	£3/9/-
N. Guinea	£2/3/6	£4/7/-
New Zealand	£2/6/6	£4/13/-
Brit. Dom.	£2/11/6	£5/3/-
Foreign	£3/5/6	£6/11/-

THE IDEAL GIFT!

Ross Campbell writes...

HOW long does it take a TV viewer to mature?

I would say three or four years. We are fairly mature viewers at our place now. By this I mean that we take our viewing calmly, except for occasional outbreaks of violence.

In the days when we first had a set, the scenes in the living-room were much more rowdy.

Everyone used to join in the singing commercials. The house echoed with such melodies as "Okay, Washo, Washo is okay," and "Hair-reen, a little dab'll do ya."

Keen audience participation is one of the signs of the immature viewer. My younger daughter and her friend Diana from next door used to dance in front of the set during the "Mickey Mouse Club." We put a stop to it because a service man said it was rattling the valves too much.

In those days most of us thought TV was more important than eating. That is another sign of the immature viewer. Dinner was often served in front of the set, except when there was a lot of gravy.

Children complained bitterly if

ONWARD WITH TV

they were dragged away from "Huckleberry Hound" to sit down at the table. There were anguished cries like: "Why are 'The Three Stooges' always on at dinner-time?"



Now that we have matured we enjoy TV, but it does not stir such strong passions. Rows about who will sit on the sofa are less frequent. People grumble when told to go to bed, but they do not burst into tears.

One difficulty is that there are more hour-length shows.

The other night my 8-year-old daughter was nearly asleep in the

second half of "Hawaiian Eye." When I told her to go to bed she said: "I'm not tired! That was only a pretending yawn." But she went.

When two viewers want to watch clashing programmes like "Lawman" and "Anzac," they agree now to see them turn and turn about, instead of having a quarrel every week. They agree sometimes, anyhow.

There is one exception to what I have said about more mature viewing — our baby. She still has the unsophisticated approach.

If she likes a programme she will kiss the screen. It is a sincere way of showing appreciation, but it makes the screen rather smudged.

Also, she likes to pull off the knob with the channel numbers and run away with it. At these times it is harder to select the channel you want.

Unfortunately the years that have made us practised viewers have not done the set any good. Before the picture comes on now there are weird stripes and lightning flashes; and the insurance has run out. Any time now the programme will be "Panic."

MAN...*there's a big difference!*

BOND'S



GRAND SLAM

Sports Shirt in snug

BRUSHED
INTERLOCK
with long sleeves

42/-

Man, there's a difference in those under-arm gussets. Enjoy the freedom they give and be snug, as well, in this long-sleeved "Grand Slam." It's in cosy brushed interlock and provides all the warmth you need on blustery days. The colours are bold and bring new cheer to Winter!—Green, Navy, Grey, all with White trim; also, All White.

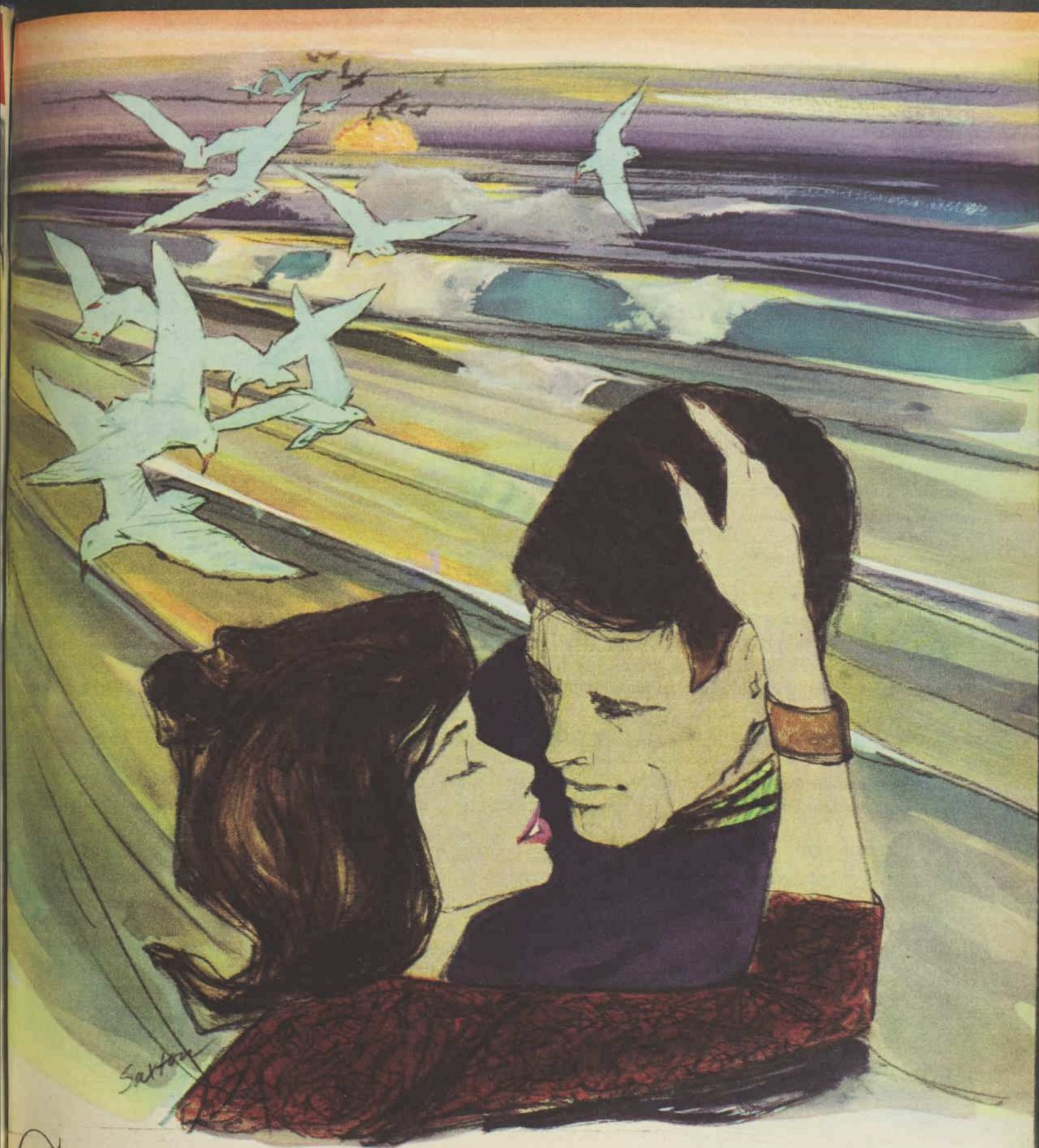


A warm-up that lasts the whole day

Bond's winter underwear in cosy interlock cotton

Here's a cotton that holds your body warmth because it is absolutely pure yarn spun in Bond's own mills. *We* have complete quality control. And Man, there's a big difference in the way Bond's design this underwear. You're sure of healthful comfort and a flexible fit. The suede interlock washes well as only top quality cotton will do.

Short-sleeve Singlet, **12/6** • Ankle-length Underpant, **18/11**
Athletic, **8/11** • Boxer-top Knee Pant, **12/6**



Sunrise

**For Dan and his wife this was
a moment of understanding . . .
a dramatic short story**

**By
SEYMOUR
EPSTEIN**

DAN GOODMAN lay awake, listening for sounds in the next room. He wondered what time it was. There was no sign of light through the venetian blinds. His watch was on the night table beside him, but he felt disinclined to reach for it. If it was something like five o'clock, he didn't want to know.

He would just as soon pretend that it was two, that the squawk from Sandra was caused by whatever dream might disturb the sleep of a six-month-old infant and that she would ball herself into a corner of the crib and be silent for another four or five hours.

"Was it Sandra?" Dan whispered as Karen slipped back into bed.

"I thought you were asleep," Karen whispered back. "She was just tossing around. I think she'll sleep."

"How about Bobby?"

"Like a rock."

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AT LAST A TOOTHPASTE GUARANTEES WHITER-LOOKING TEETH

New Pepsodent with stain-removing Lindent 'A' gives you whiter-looking teeth in 12 days!

Read how you can benefit from the dental discovery that's bringing whiter-looking teeth to thousands:

What makes teeth dull?

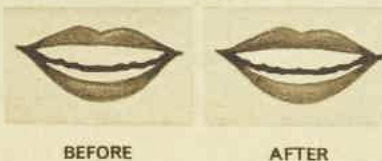
Everyone can't start out with sparkling white teeth. Natural teeth vary in shades of whiteness. Yet, in 8 cases out of 10, the natural whiteness is clouded. That's because film builds up on teeth daily. Dentists call it mucin plaque. It settles on everyone's teeth like dust settling on a building.

Stains from food, smoking

Unless the film of mucin plaque is shifted thoroughly from teeth, it gets stained. Smoking stains it, so do some foods and drinks (beetroot, meats, tea and coffee). The trouble is that this stained film builds up so gradually you get to thinking you're seeing the natural colour of your teeth. New Pepsodent with the dental discovery Lindent 'A' is the only toothpaste that gets rid of film. People who've tried New Pepsodent are often amazed to discover just how white their teeth really are!

Proof your teeth can be whiter

If you've ever had your teeth cleaned by a dentist, you know your teeth can look so much whiter. Dentists use a special paste which cleans off all the stained film that builds up over months. For a week or two after, people notice how much whiter your teeth look, and remark upon it — just as they will when you start using New Pepsodent with Lindent 'A'. This amazing toothpaste polishes away film to get teeth white and, most important, when used regularly keep them white.



How Lindent 'A' works

Lindent 'A', a remarkable enamel polish, was developed quite recently by scientists working to improve toothpaste. This gentle, but amazingly effective polish works two ways. First, it dissolves the stained film of mucin plaque, removing the major cause of tooth dullness. Second, it polishes the enamel to give teeth a shine and sparkle. *And it's true that when teeth shine they reflect the light better and give the appearance of even greater whiteness.*

Only New Pepsodent has Lindent 'A'

New Pepsodent is the only toothpaste formulated with this remarkable dental polish. Only Pepsodent will give the cleaning and whitening results which will delight you. You'll see an improvement from the first time you use Pepsodent. The toothpaste itself is different. It has an immediate and lasting foaming action — you can feel it's doing some good!

You'll have whiter teeth in 12 days

After a few days of regular brushing with New Pepsodent you'll notice your teeth looking whiter. In twelve days you'll be amazed with the sparkling whiteness of your teeth — polished to a shining whiteness you wouldn't have believed. There's a bonus in New Pepsodent, too — it has a new, fresh, minty flavour which makes your whole mouth feel cleaner, gives you a wonderful "face-the-world" feeling every day.

IMPORTANT *No toothpaste can ever guarantee that your teeth will stay free of decay, so it's wise to see your dentist twice a year. But New Pepsodent with polishing discovery Lindent 'A' is guaranteed to give you whiter teeth if used regularly.*



FREE 12-DAY TRIAL TUBE OF NEW PEPSODENT

Cut out this coupon or write to this address for a free trial tube. In 12 days you'll see the difference in much whiter teeth and a clean, fresh mouth.

To: PEPSODENT TRIAL OFFER
Box 7061, G.P.O.
SYDNEY

Please send 12 day trial tube of New Pepsodent to:

Name

Address

State

SCATTERBRAIN

Things always went wrong
for Annabel . . .

an amusing short story

By LIA NASH

ILLUSTRATED BY BATTEN



PRACTICALLY every time I let myself in or out, there was this young man on the fourth floor peering over the banisters. I suppose I shouldn't have looked up, but there's that prickly sensation you get when people stare that just makes you.

And, what was worse, he was always grinning. It made me furious. I don't think there's anything so strange about me that people have to grin from ear to ear every time they see me.

I may not radiate intelligence, but I am not altogether dumb. I am the third-fastest typist in Miss Welcome's Agency. Which is saying something. I mean, there are eight of us.

That morning he made me absolutely wild. That particular morning I was late. When I got out of my flat, I remembered my purse wasn't in my handbag. So I had to open the door again, and I couldn't find my key. And when at last I did it simply stuck in the lock.

I should have put down my handbag, there and then, on the floor. After all, I'd had enough experience. Well, anyway, it fell; and lipsticks and buttons and safety-pins rolled all over the place.

Oh, the fury! And, to make matters worse, there was that dreadful head hanging over the stairwell grinning like a gargoyle.

So it was all his fault. Because when I finally got in and out of the flat with my purse it was so late and I was so upset that I just ignored the postman.

I noticed something in his hand, so when I got back that night I already knew I had a letter. I opened the door, and there it was on the mat, square and white and so exciting the way I'd been imagining it all day.

Except that the writing was my sister's.

That was why I didn't read it right away. It is quite a letdown getting a letter from your sister when you've been madly hoping for one from somebody else.

I simply lighted the gasfire and made some cocoa and a cheese sandwich, and got about halfway through a detective story before I opened it.

If I had opened it right away I would have gained an hour or so, but if I had had

To page 54

Annabel was disconcerted to see Albert grinning from over the banisters when she dropped her handbag on the floor.



PYE introduces an entirely NEW KIND OF ELECTRIC BLANKET

APPROVED

Sleep well, sleep warm, sleep safely with an entirely new kind of electric blanket. It spreads over your mattress and you sleep on top. There are 5 settings on the control (the double bed model has separate controls) which is also a transformer and reduces power to a harmless 32 volts (less than 23 torch batteries).

5 Comfort settings—a range of warmth to suit everyone. The illuminated dial on the transformer control has 5 comfort settings for varying degrees of warmth. You can choose the exact temperature for healthy sleeping comfort—suited to your own personal requirements, and the atmospheric temperature.

Therapeutic Value. Used extensively in hospitals and sanitariums throughout Australia, for treatment of pulmonary illnesses, lumbago, arthritis and rheumatism.

APPROVED BY ALL STATE ELECTRICITY AUTHORITIES

Approved. The Pye Parisienne Electric Blanket works through a transformer control that reduces voltage to a completely harmless level. The thoroughly insulated element cannot overheat, even if left switched on for extended periods.

Double or Single Bed Deluxe Models. The double bed model is 43" x 60" with separate controls for individual comfort. Price: 39 gns. Single bed model is 23" x 60". Price: 23 gns.* Colours are Pink, Blue, White. (*Prices slightly higher in some States.)

YOU CAN RELY ON PYE



Parisienne
DAILY STYLED, LOW VOLTAGE
ELECTRIC BLANKET



FROM STORES, APPLIANCE RETAILERS, CHEMISTS.

Setting by courtesy of David Jones Ltd.

When Tracey had joined Derek and Adam, Adam wondered if the evening would be pleasant.



THE COUNTRY OF MARRIAGE

Fifth dramatic instalment
of our serial, a new novel

By JON CLEARY

THE coast of France slid beneath them like a vast creeping avalanche. "I don't like flying," Matthew Harvey said. "But you'd never get your business done these days if you didn't fly. Does Adam still like flying?" "I don't know," Belle was surprised at the answer she had to give: she didn't know if Adam still liked flying. "Now come to think of it, I don't believe he's flown since the war."

"Not even as a passenger?" "Incredible, isn't it? He hasn't had any cause to. He goes everywhere in England by train or car. We've only been to the Continent twice, and each time we went by ferry. I suppose he must regret it. He loved flying during the war. I remember reading in one of the war books that he was considered one of the best fliers in Fighter Command. It was his flying ability that won him his medals, you know. They said nobody else could have got his plane home. He did it not once, but twice. Derek told me that one plane was so far gone that it fell apart as soon as he landed it."

"And he's been grounded ever since? I wonder how a man feels when he's no longer able to practise one of his best gifts?"

Belle said nothing. She had never before given any thought to the fact that Adam might regret the passing of his flying days. Did Adam dream of the gift that had once been his?

They had still been cool to each other when she and the children had left this morning. He had driven them up to London Airport, and then was driving on into the city. Matthew and Aileen had been late arriving from their hotel; Sarah and John had gone off to buy magazines and comics; and Adam had been left alone. They had stood together in the crowded airport lounge like two people who had just been introduced.

"I wish I were going with you," he said suddenly. "So do I," she said. Then could say no more, as Matthew and Aileen arrived. In a moment the children were back, and then their flight was called. Adam kissed the children, then stood in front of Belle. He paused, then he leaned forward and kissed her on the lips. Then he said, "You smell nice. Come home smelling like that."

THE arrival from Australia of MATTHEW and AILEEN HARVEY in England to visit their daughter, BELLE NASH, her husband, ADAM, and the grandchildren stirs the peaceful Nash family. There is an invitation to spend a week in Paris, and then Matthew asks Adam to settle in Australia and take a position in his big company. Adam puts off making a decision, for he knows it will have far-reaching effects. He is aware Belle and the two sons, MATT and JOHN, are eager to go, but the daughter, SARAH, says she prefers England, an attitude which Adam secretly shares.

The offer is tempting, as he is having a difficult time financially, but suddenly a hopeful future is seen when he learns there is a chance of promotion in the Bank of England, where he is employed in the Foreign Payments Department. However, he is worried that there may be influence put on him, should he get the new position, by rich SIR HUGO RUPERT, adviser to the bank and a suitor of GABY NASH, Adam's stepmother. He knows he has already turned down an application by Sir Hugo to transfer money to Europe.

At Gaby's flat one evening he again meets JACK BREWSTER, an Australian businessman and once fiance of Belle, who jilted him for Adam. At this gathering Adam's distrust of Sir Hugo deepens when an Italian industrialist, the MARCHESE VERINI, makes a remark from which it is obvious to Adam Sir Hugo is deeply involved in the transfer of capital and would be glad to have Adam on his side. Adam goes off to his home in the village of Chalfont St. Aidan feeling depressed and uncertain.

NOW READ ON:

"I can't," she said, trying not to weep. "I used the last few drops in the bottle."

As she went through the door to the bus that would carry them out to the plane, Belle had looked back, trying to tell Adam that, if he wanted her to, she would turn back even now and stay at home with him. But her eyes let her down; he was too far away for her to see him distinctly. He was just a dark blur, as anonymous as everyone else in the busy, noisy airport lounge.

They landed at Orly, and the car was waiting for them. They were booked in at the Hotel Napoleon, on the Avenue Friedland. Belle was a little disappointed; secretly she had hoped they might go to one of the big international hotels.

Even so, the room booked for her and Sarah in the Napoleon was better than anything she had ever occupied in a hotel before. She had been to Paris only twice before, the last time six years ago; Gaby had looked after the children for them, and she and Adam had come across for a long weekend. They had stayed at a small hotel on the Left Bank, and, lost in the passion of a second honeymoon, had hardly noticed their surroundings. They might just as well have gone to Brighton or Aberystwyth. Or West Wittering. She looked around this room now and wished she was sharing it with Adam instead of Sarah.

"Are you glad you came, Mummy?"

Belle was startled: had Sarah read her thoughts? "Of course I am!" She went and put her arm about Sarah's shoulders, trying to make up for her mental preference for Adam over her daughter. "I only wish Daddy was here with us, that's all. Don't you?"

To page 59



HOT QUIK

the real HOT CHOCOLATE



Three cheers for QUIK—the favourite warmer-upper for winter! Hot . . . hearty . . . delicious as only real chocolate can be. Quik has the best-of-all chocolate taste because it's really Nestlé's Milk Chocolate, ready to stir into hot milk and make richer, smoother chocolate drinks. For real hot chocolate . . .

best you make it with NESTLÉ's QUIK

NESTLÉ

Page 25



Modess *because*



"MAGIC CHANNEL" OF PROTECTION



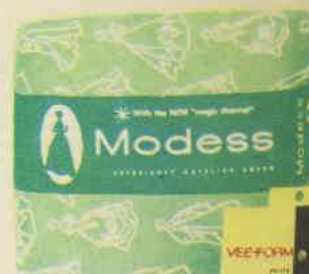
UNDETECTABLE DEODORANT



FULL LENGTH SAFETY SHIELD

Only Modess gives you so many refinements—only Modess gives you such a wide range: Modess with MASSLINN cover . . . Modess Super . . . Modess with Gauze cover . . . and now, New Vee-Form by Modess, shaped to echo the lines of the body.

PRODUCTS OF Johnson-Johnson



Modess . . . and Modess Belts — they're made for each other!



Timothy had a problem—his parents
... a tender short short story

MEN DON'T CRY

BY EVELYN DOWNS

THE melodious sounds of the parakeets and waking magpies, followed closely by kookaburras and a distant currawong, pulled the small boy out of his slumbers. He lay there under the tumbled bedclothes listening.

Voices reached him, quietly agitated at first, then mounting in anger. "Oh, gosh!" His young face hardened and he pulled the bedclothes over his head, holding them tight in a desperate effort to shut out his parents' anger and the awful shrinking feeling it always gave him. Did Dad find out about the lizard he'd put in Sarah Morton's doll's pram? Well, anyway, she started it, tipping out his tadpoles. Gee, didn't she yell, too! But it couldn't be that, or he'd a' got it last night. He racked his brain. It wasn't swearing at Kip yesterday, 'cos nobody heard him. He always made sure nobody was around when he swore.

It was quieter now, but he heard a sob. "You can cut that out. I've been caught by your tears before, but not any more. If you only..." Timothy didn't wait for any more. He threw back the bedclothes, pulled on his jeans and old blue T-shirt, and slipped out of the room.

He went outside and across the yard, then hesitated, crept back into the kitchen, got a bottle of milk out of the fridge and poured himself a glassful, then with his pocket full of biscuits and a hunk of cake in his hand he skipped across the yard, along the road, and into the bush track.

Timothy turned off the main track; ducking his head under a wattle branch he scrambled over rocks and down a steep slope, the dewy grass wet beneath his feet, and there before him in a small clearing an old tree-trunk lay where it had fallen long ago, across the bank, its limbs half submerged in the deep, dark water of the creek.

This was his own special place. No one ever came here, except when his mother came to look for him.

The bright young face clouded. Timothy sat down on the log, elbows on his knees and chin cupped in his hands. Why did she cry, he wondered fiercely. Why did married people fight? Something about money, and somebody called Jones, but Timothy couldn't recall anybody with that name; and he never knew if there wasn't enough money, because he always had just as much to eat as he could manage, and surely if there wasn't much Mum wouldn't keep making him wear new clothes and hollering at him for wearing his old ones.

He glanced down affectionately at the blue T-shirt. "It's only got one little hole and the yellow paint that wouldn't come out." He thought: "Dad only shouts at me like that when I've done somethin' awful. Mum couldn't do anything awful, so why did he get mad?" A tear trickled down his cheek and he thrust it angrily away. Tears never help anything. His dad said so.

The sun climbed higher in the sky and the sand under his feet grew warm, but Timothy sat still, his fair head bowed, blue eyes bright with unshed tears, and his heart heavy with misery such as he'd never known in all his seven years. A kookaburra flew into a tree, its bright eyes darting this way and that, looking for the titbit that Timothy usually brought. It opened its beak, head back, and called its almost human laughing call, but the boy took no notice. He picked up a stick and poked aimlessly in the sand, teasing the small black ants. A fish leapt behind him with a loud plop. "Maybe if I caught some for breakfast..."

He found his line where he kept it hidden and dug in the bank for bait. Carefully placing a piece of the wriggly worm on the hook, he cast it far out across the water with a practised hand, missing all the well-known snags.

He hauled his line in a couple of times and recast. He hooked a mullet, but too small, so he threw it back and cast again. The sun was getting hotter.

He wriggled his toes in the cool water. "If I drowned, I bet she'd cry again. Maybe Dad would cry, too!" The thought of his father in tears filled him with unspeakable horror. He'd seen his mother cry more than once, but Dad... No! The idea of such a catastrophe was worse than the prospect of drowning.

His line, propped against a stone, jerked taut, suddenly pulling his mind from such morbid speculation. He was there in a flash, hauling excitedly. It was the biggest one he had ever caught. It fought and pulled, and Timothy gasped. He gazed at it, unbelieving. "Gee, it's a whopper! Maybe there's another in there." Swiftly he rebaited the line and cast as near as he could to the same spot.



Timothy cast the line with a practised hand, missing all the well-known snags.

He killed the fish and tied a piece of string firmly round its tail and put it in a pool and tied the other end of the string to a branch. Hunger nudged at him and he shared his biscuits with the birds.

A small lizard darted from under a stone. He caught it, stroked it gently, and let it go again, then went back to his line. The bait was gone, but no bite. He ought to go home, but shrank from the idea. Wait a bit longer till Dad has gone to work then take the fish to Mother. She'd be pleased and smile and call him a clever little man, and they could forget she cried in the morning.

The sun was very high in the sky when he caught his third fish, which he called a miserable sprat.

"Gosh, life in the bush gives a fellow an appetite," he thought. "It must be past breakfast-time. Dad will be home early, today being Saturday. If I had some matches I could light a fire and cook the fish and eat it all. I could make a shelter, or find a cave, and not go home at all." He'd heard people say it gets cold at night in the bush. Stones, the right sort, can make fire.

He gathered all the stones he could find and tried to raise a spark, rubbing them together and knocking the one against another, but it wouldn't work.

The sun was getting lower and the trees looked bigger than he remembered them. "Maybe I'd better get home," he thought miserably, "and I bet I get a licking for being late for breakfast... dinner, too... must be nearly past teatime!" He did not move. The water looked dark and ominous in the shadow by the far bank when he hauled in his line and put it in his hiding-place. He sat down on the log, still undecided.

"Tim, where are you? Timothy!" He looked up. His mother was at the top of the bank on the big rocks up there. She called again. "Timothy!" He knew she couldn't see him in the shadows. He hesitated. His father stepped up on to the rock and put an arm round his mother. "I'm sure he's there. He must be!" she said in a funny, choky sort of voice. "Timothy!"

"Don't worry, darling. I'll go down and see." Darling! Well, gee! "It's all right, Dad. I'm coming." Timothy's heart lifted. His spirits soared. "Wait till I get my fish!" he shouted.

His father and mother looked at each other, then with a sob she was in his arms and he kissed her tenderly, then together they turned to meet the eager small boy, who, surefooted as a mountain goat, scrambled up to meet them.

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BROWN, BLUE, PINK,
GOLD, AUBURN,
PLUM AND ASH.



COLOUR SET BY NAPRO

Page 27

ORANGE—the fashion color for 1962

The newest color to wear right now is orange. Forceful and arresting, it has replaced last season's intense shades of pink. Orange can look downright dazzling at any hour; it shines in the nightlight and looks vivid on a murky winter's day. Its influence will continue into spring, when, mixed with flame and magenta shades, it will burst into exotic flower prints.

—BETTY KEEP

● New Paris way to wear an orange suit—with a soft darkly printed blouse and wide-brimmed hat. Note the wide revers and one-button fastening on the jacket.

● Jacket-dress ensemble, made in orange wool, is belted in dark chocolate-brown to match the shoes and gloves. The dress is sleeveless and has a flared skirt. The tailored jacket has narrow set-in sleeves.





● *Nina Ricci unfurls a new skirt in the all-orange suit, at left. The fitted jacket is narrowly belted.*



● *Pierre Cardin's bewitching chiffon dance-dress with a semi-detached panel floating gracefully back from the shoulders. The length—well above the ankle—is news at this fashion house.*



● *Coat from Nina Ricci is made in wool velours. The design is straight-cut, single-buttoned, and has full, deeply cuffed sleeves.*

Continuing . . . SUNRISE

from page 21

"Any idea of the time?" Dan asked.

"Five."

"Heavens!"

"She'll sleep for at least another hour,"

Karen said.

They both were silent. Dan rubbed his foot along the sheet and felt the grit of sand. It bothered him only a little. It used to bother him enormously when he was a kid. He could still remember standing on the bare floor of a summer cottage and his mother shaking out the sheets before he got into bed.

"Now, brush the bottoms of your feet before you get into bed or you'll have it full of sand again."

Recalling that, Dan suddenly recalled the composite smell of beach and damp-

ness and salt. Some cell of memory retained the pure, early quality of it and gave it back to him at this moment. Curious. He always tried to catch it, coming to the beach for the first time after a year in the city, but the senses serving him now were not the same ones that had caught and held that seaside odor in his youth.

Nothing, in fact, was the same. Certainly, this vacation was a far cry from vacations he had enjoyed in the past. Things had changed—to a point where there didn't seem to be a hope of their ever being the same again. Not that he was wringing his hands over the changes, but still it was on the side of prudence, not to mention sanity, to recognise these changes and bow before them.

Why, the very fact that they were spending their two weeks with Aunt Dora was a signal not merely of change but of capitulation. Poor Aunt Dora! If she knew what an awful compromise she represented! Perhaps she did and didn't care. She had her own compromise with loneliness to make.

It was Karen finally who had made the decision. "What shall we do, the just stay home?"

"But Aunt Dora?" he groaned, "warn you. Two solid weeks of heal foods, canaries, and local news."

"And sunlight and ocean and precious little expense," Karen pointed out inexorably. "If you have any other suggestion about where we can afford to take the children for two weeks, I be glad to listen. We ought to be grateful she asked us."

"She's been asking us for eight years."

"It took two children to make it accept. At least we'll be able to go on a few evenings and know the children are in good hands."

That, of course, kicked out the cents pole of any protests, and his resistance had collapsed.

And, naturally, Aunt Dora was marvellous with the kids, and the kids were marvellous with Aunt Dora. After one week Bobby looked like a Cherokee full of buffalo meat. Sandra had in Aunt Dora an absolute slave, one who responded to her every gurgle and whimper. As for his and Karen's freedom—they had an embarrassment of it. Aunt Dora was for shooting them out of the house every night. "It's your vacation, too," she would insist. "They have lovely dances at the hotel. There are movies in town. Don't you worry about me."

THE hotel had a four-piece band that played rock'n-roll to teenagers. The movies in town showed calculated or unintentional horrors. So they mainly took walks in the evening which, despite Aunt Dora's assurance, were plagued by a feeling of guilt. If a gorgeous sunset on the bay or a freshening breeze from the ocean side stirred them to some vague spontaneity, a vision of Aunt Dora in frantic crisis would cut across their mood.

The truth was that they were not enjoying themselves. Some interesting people might have rescued them from dullness, but interesting people gravitated to interesting places, and whatever virtues this little seaside community might have, interest was not one of them.

"You asleep?" Dan asked.

"No," Karen said.

The walls of Aunt Dora's house had the effect of magnifying sound, and after a week of it Dan and Karen began to whisper the moment they closed their door.

"I have an idea," Dan said, sitting up. "Let's take a walk on the beach."

"Now?"

"Now. Let's watch the sun come up. Are you game?"

"I'm game," said Karen, "but suppose one of the children . . ."

"Aunt Dora's here."

"She'd be scared out of her wits if she happened to peck in here."

"We'll leave a note on the door. I'll just say we went to watch the sun come up. It's as simple as that!"

"But suppose—"

"Suppose," Dan interrupted, "we do just one thing on this vacation that we're likely to remember."

"All right."

They switched on a light and dressed.

Stealthily, with a smothered flashlight, they inspected each room. Aunt Dora indicated consent with her even-spaced, bubbling snore. The children were sound asleep in the other room. Dan and Karen walked out of the house, easing the door closed behind them.

The house was situated one block from the beach. They walked in that direction, breathing the cool, damp air.

The street lamps were still on, but a predawn glimmer was already questioning the lamps with grey authority. Sleep pervaded the street as strongly as it pervaded the house, and Dan and Karen, continued in their constraint of silence, distrusting the use of their voices in this odd light.

Dan finally cleared his throat as if to test the volume of sound. "I am reminded," he said, "Air Force. Miami Beach. Reville. They lined us up for roll-call at about this hour and there was a breeze coming off the ocean. I was a breeze coming off the ocean. I would recall thinking to myself that I would make it a practice in my lifetime to watch the sun come up."

"I feel as if I could lean on the air and sleep," Karen said.

To page 52



Goya



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● The two-piece illustrated below was chosen for a young married woman who requested a pattern for a suit with a simple long-sleeved jacket and pleated skirt.

HERE is part of the reader's letter and my reply:

"I have some soft wool in light blue for my winter suit. Could you design the style and let me have a pattern in 34in. bust? The type of suit I fancy has a soft dressmaker jacket, set-in sleeves, and a little collar. I want the skirt pleated."

The suit I have chosen for you incorporates all the fashion points you requested. The design (see picture below) will look soft and pretty made in lightweight wool.

You can obtain a paper pattern for the suit in the size you require. Under the illustration are further details.

"I am leaving next month for Europe, flying tourist class. Will it be necessary to take an overcoat? If so, is it permissible to carry it to the plane over my arm? I would also like to know the right amount of luggage I am allowed to take."

Yes, you will need a topcoat, preferably one to harmonise with the clothes you intend taking on the trip. The overseas baggage allowance for a tourist-class passenger is 54lb. In addition to this 54lb. allowance, passengers can carry an overcoat, umbrella, books, handbag, camera, and binoculars.

"What could you suggest as a pretty lining to brighten a black satin theatre coat?"

Line the coat with pink silk or leopard-printed chiffon.



DS184.—Two-piece suit in sizes 32, 34, 36, and 38in. bust. Requires 3½yds. 54in. material. Price 4/6. Patterns obtainable from Betty Keep, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

"What style of sweater is correct over slim pants? And please suggest a smart color combination. I am 32in. bust, 5ft. 4in. tall, and quite thin."

A heavy-knit, hip-length, and only-just-not-fitted is the newest type of sweater to wear with narrow pants. Color suggestion: Butter-scotch sweater and nigger-brown or black pants.

"I have some soft black crepe I would like to use for a pretty, feminine, late-day frock. Could I please have a style suggestion?"

I suggest a one-piece broadly belted at the normal waistline. Have the bodice finished with a plunging V neckline outlined with a bias-cut ruffle collar. The ruffle look is very new in fashion.

"My problem is a style for a semi-formal frock or suit in lemon-yellow satin. I am 19, tall, and well-proportioned."

I suggest a jumper suit, because colored satin looks its most attractive in a tailored design. I interpret "jumper suit" as a slightly fitted overblouse, stopping at hip-bone level, and a slim, pliant skirt.

Dress Sense

By BETTY KEEP

another QUICK SMART idea from Kraft



WAGON WHEEL PIE

INGREDIENTS

6 ozs. prepared short crust pastry and
16 oz. can Kraft Braised Steak and Onions.

METHOD

Roll out pastry into an 8" circle, and crimp edges. Cut into 6 wedges. Spoon Kraft Braised Steak and Onions into an 8" pie plate. Place pastry wedges on top and fold back points. Bake in a moderately hot oven (400° F. Gas, 425° F. Electric) for ½-hour. Garnish with tomato and parsley. 4-5 servings.

You make the tasty savoury filling in double-quick time—with Kraft Braised Steak and Onions, and it makes six big servings for keen cold-weather appetites. The recipe is so simple, too . . . just like the many exciting new food ideas you'll find in the great new "Quick-Smart" cookbook, specially prepared by the Cooks in the Kraft Kitchen. Always keep on hand a can of Kraft Braised Steak and Onions . . . great for simple snacks or a hearty main course. Simply delicious on toast as a quick snack . . . so tasty as a sandwich filling with a difference. In 4 oz., 12 oz., and 16 oz. cans.

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SOUVENIR PROGRAMME

- The Australian Women's Weekly and BP Australia Ltd. have prepared this five-page color guide for their hour-long TV programme of ballet in all States.

MARGOT FONTEYN *and stars of The Royal Ballet*



● A wonderful TV ballet film, specially filmed during the recent Australian tour by Dame Margot Fonteyn and stars of The Royal Ballet, will be presented by The Australian Women's Weekly and The BP Super Show.

Viewing times in State capitals are: Saturday, May 26, Channel 9, Sydney, at 7.30 p.m.; Channel 9, Melbourne and Brisbane, at 8.30 p.m.; Channel 9, Adelaide, at 8 p.m.; Channel 6, Hobart, at 9.30 p.m.; Monday, May 28, Channel 7, Perth, at 9.30 p.m.

Plans are being made for country stations, too.

Keep the souvenir programme on pages 33-39 in this issue, and have it by you when you watch the show. It contains color pictures and interesting information about each of the ballets.

● In the picture above, conductor Dudley Simpson, Dame Margot Fonteyn, and her partner, David Blair, after "Birthday Offering" (see also p. 39).

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - May 30, 1962

PROGRAMME

1. DON QUIXOTE . . . Annette Page, Bryan Ashbridge
2. SYLVIA . . . Margot Fonteyn, David Blair
3. TARANTELLA . . . Robin Haig, Ronald Emblen
4. VALSE EXCENTRIQUE
Annette Page, Bryan Ashbridge, Ronald Emblen
5. BLUE BIRD . . . Maryon Lane, Brian Shaw

INTERVAL

6. BIRTHDAY OFFERING
Margot Fonteyn, David Blair, Annette Page, Bryan Ashbridge,
Maryon Lane, Brian Shaw, Robin Haig, Ronald Emblen.

Continued on page 34





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SATURDAY, MAY 26, CHANNEL 9

Sydney 7.30 p.m., Melbourne, Brisbane 8.30 p.m., Adelaide 8 p.m.

SATURDAY, MAY 26, CHANNEL 6

Hobart—9.30 p.m.

MONDAY, MAY 28, CHANNEL 7

Perth—9.30 p.m.

Also to be seen shortly on country stations.



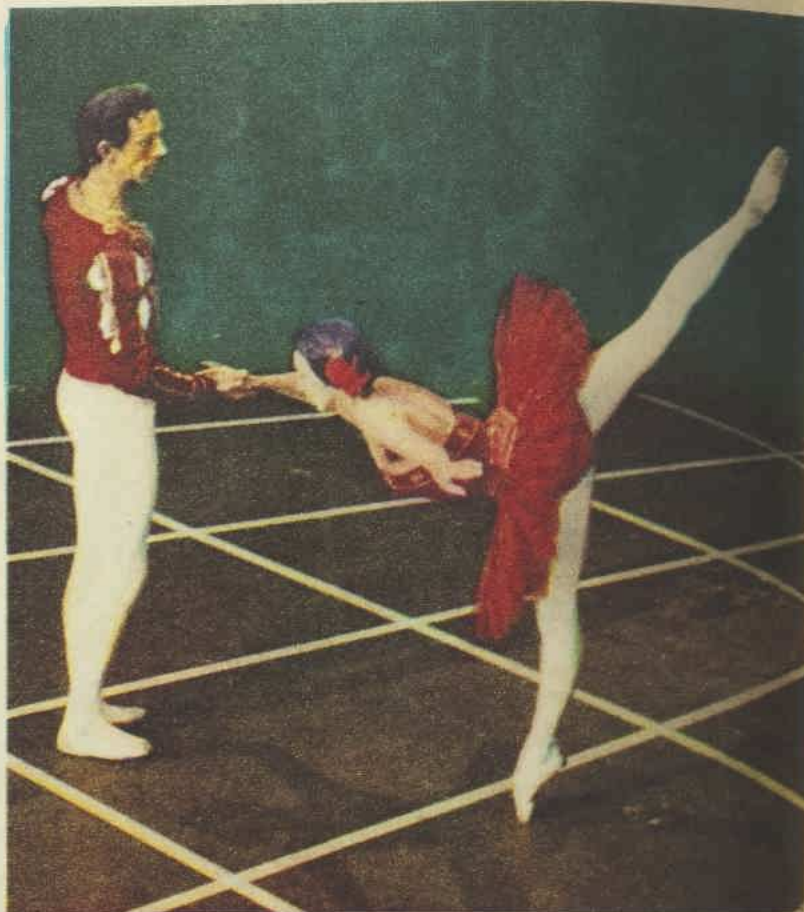
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Continued from page 33

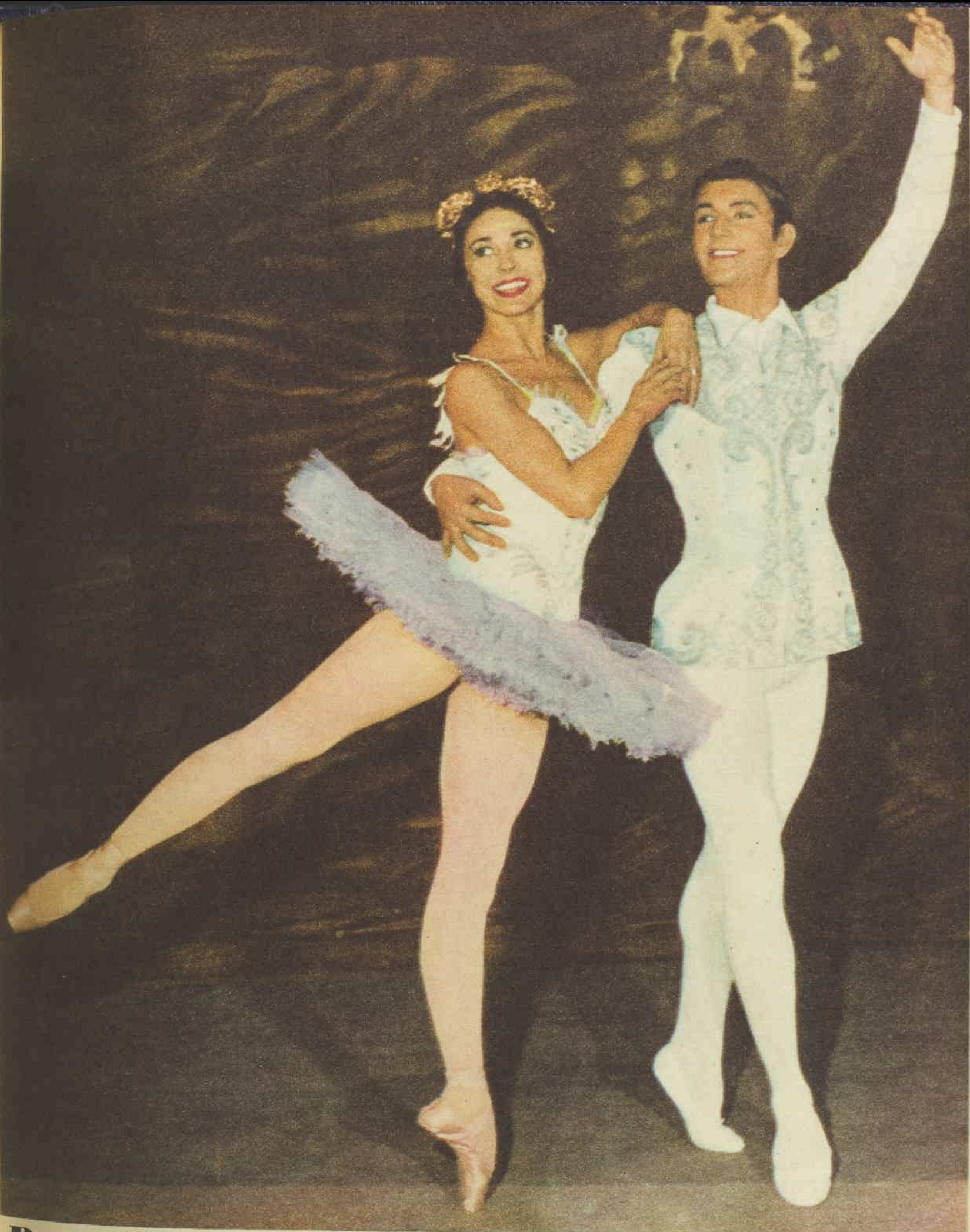
SOUVENIR PROGRAMME of MARGOT FONTEYN

"Don Quixote"



● Based on the theme of Spaniard Cervantes' well-known book, "Don Quixote" is the story of a man whose human failings are in conflict with his other self — an idealist dominated by his obsession with knight-errantry. In this famous bravura pas de deux, pictured above and below, The Don (Bryan Ashbridge) dances in light Spanish style with his idealised love Dulcinea (Annette Page). The music was written by Leon Minkus. Choreography by Marius Petipa.





Dame Margot in "SYLVIA"

● Inspired by a story from Greek mythology, this ballet is the story of a young shepherd, Amyntas, who loves Sylvia, one of the huntress nymphs attendant upon Diana, Goddess of the Moon and of Hunting. Diana's wrath is incurred because a mortal and a goddess fall in love, but the romance is saved when Eros, the God of Love, intervenes. The pas de deux danced from "Sylvia" by Dame Margot Fonteyn and David Blair (in the picture) is hailed as one of the most superbly poetic yet composed. The music of this ballet was written by Leo Delibes. Choreography by Frederick Ashton.

Continued on page 37

Page 35



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Teenagers'

May 30, 1962

WEEKLY



Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly

Not to be sold separately

**KNIT THIS
PARTY
SWEATER**
—see page 4

PIN-UP BOY

BOBBY DARIN, whose latest pin-up is on page 12, is now 26 but as popular with his teenage audiences as he was when he hit the top with "Mack the Knife."

LETTERS

University students "narrow, scruffy, and rude"

WHY do university students consider themselves a race superior to ordinary working people? In many cases it is credit to their parents, rather than to them, that they are able to attend university.

For three or four or sometimes five years they live in a narrow world of their own. They have few interests outside the university, and seem unable to communicate with other people on everyday topics.

They are scruffy and badly groomed, and seem to think that the fact of being at university automatically excludes them from conventional polite behaviour to others.

A person who has left school at the age of 16 and has had to work for his living has much more chance of being a normal well-balanced person aware of what is going on around him. He learns responsibility early, learns to handle money and his own affairs, and learns to get on with his fellow-workers. He is educated in the ways of life, not in a limited field of medicine, engineering, literature, or law. — A. M. Boden, Pymble, N.S.W.

Next week

TEN exciting hairstyles for teenage girls with definite ideas about how they want to look is the main color feature in our next issue. For each style there is a sketch of how to do it yourself at home. ALSO, we have a fabulous picture of a veteran Rolls-Royce which was built in Australia from scrap. It is an exact copy of the car built for his own use by the Hon. Charles Rolls, one of the firm's founders, in 1911.

Girls

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There are no holds barred in this forum, and we pay £1/1/- for every letter used. Letters must bear the signature and address of the writer, and when choosing letters for publication we give preference to writers who do not use a pen-name. Send all correspondence to "Teenagers' Weekly," Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney.

She's ashamed

TODAY I received a letter from a Japanese penfriend in which she wrote: "Have you seen a Japanese person? Perhaps you haven't, because I have read that your country does not like the colored races and does not allow them to enter Australia."

I felt ashamed when I read this, and although I know there are many arguments for and against the White Australia Policy we must realise that we are losing many chances of being friendly with other colored nations because of it. — Suzanne Hall, Ballarat, Vic.

Essay on dress

SOME student readers might like to know just what is expected of them when they write an essay. As one of our male teachers told us, "An essay should be like a girl's dress—long enough to cover the subject, but short enough to be interesting." — "Essay," Sydney.

Boy-catching

I STOOD me in a corner And I bowed my little head, I gave myself a talking-to, And this is what I said: "Don't chase the boys around the place, It's not the thing to do, Just stand around and you will find That they'll come chasing you." — "Blonde Bombshell," Bexley, N.S.W.

Youth's chance

ANZAC DAY has passed and once more we have heard of the waste of young lives, boys who fought for their country, and of the terror people who lived in occupied countries experienced. Once more the dead have been mourned—the living honored.

It is incredible to me that people who lived through this hell can lead us each day closer to World War III. The day will come when neither side can back down and their pride will trigger off devastation.

Someone must be prepared to lose face now while there's still time, and this may be youth's opportunity to prove its worth by leading the world to peace. — Jennifer Stanley, Riverwood, N.S.W.

No votes for wives

MARRIED women should not have a vote, since they only double-up on their husbands' votes. If a man follows a certain party his wife also follows that party's policy. Single women are the only women who should have a vote, because they know how to express themselves as individuals and they are usually more interested in politics. — "Bachelor," Cooroy, Qld.

Here's the drill

AUSTRALIANS have the worst teeth in the world, and no wonder! My mother worked at our school tuckshop last year and she was amazed at the number of children who spent all their lunch money on sweets and ice-blocks. Wouldn't it be better if more fruit and fruit drinks were sold at schools? At least it would help with the dental problem. — Jacqueline Hynes, Hornsby, N.S.W.

Stay at school

● "Wondering" (T.W., 25/4/62) wants to know if she should leave school after the Intermediate and work for two years before starting nursing—or stay on at school and do the Leaving Certificate. Readers unanimously advise her to stay at school.

I EMPHATICALLY urge "Wondering" to stay at school as long as possible. The knowledge gained will benefit her much more than a few pounds in the bank. She will also still be in the habit of studying and will find it easier to adjust herself to hospital life without having the problem of first readjusting herself to study. — "Old Hand," Melbourne.

A LEAVING CERTIFICATE student usually finds it easier to talk and mix with people, because her interests, qualities of leadership, and capabilities have been more fully developed in her final years. — Maree Corbett, Newcastle, N.S.W.

NURSING is now becoming more technical and the extra study required for the Leaving Certificate is very helpful. Also some of the post-graduate courses available to nurses require the Leaving Certificate. — C. Cooper, Campbelltown, N.S.W.

CONTINUE to the Leaving Certificate if you have the opportunity. What if you should leave at the end of this year and then change your mind later? Another point to

BEATNIK



Aiming high

AUSTRALIAN teenagers are becoming far too satisfied with being mediocre. Young people should have drive—should go all out for something worth while. The younger generation, of which I am a member, has no aim, no purpose in being.

The aim itself is not the most

important thing, but rather the desire to achieve and excel. So many young people leave school, get married, have a family, retire, and die unknown. — J.S., Narwee, N.S.W.

Typical teen

I LIKE the radio too loud, my skirts too short, slacks too tight, shoes too pointy, jumpers too sloppy, shorts too short, heels too high, crazy hairstyles and rock-n-roll. Why? Because I'm a teenager. — "Lavin' It Up," Montrose, Vic.

Why smoke?

WHY do teenagers smoke? Why does anyone smoke? I defy anyone to find one redeeming factor in this practice.

Cigarettes contain nicotine—a habit-forming poisonous drug of the same family as opium and morphine. These latter are restricted by law—so should nicotine be. Smoking must be stripped of its false glamor and appeal to teenagers and exposed as the dirty and dangerous habit that it is. Many heavy-smoking parents are reluctant to denounce the practice, as the question arises of why they themselves indulge in it.

Cigarette smoke is a definite factor in the incidence of lung cancer, quite apart from the vast number of detrimental effects of the nicotine absorbed into the blood. Perhaps if young would-be smokers could see the cancer-riddled lungs of some of smoking's thousands of victims they could be persuaded to leave the scourge alone. — Anthony Davis, Roseville, N.S.W.

Confidence pays

WHY do most grown-ups always make such a fuss over teenagers? They won't go anywhere without leaving someone to look after them and to make sure they go to bed at the right time.

My parents have full confidence in my sister and me. Recently they went on a week's holiday and left us in charge of our store. We thoroughly enjoyed doing it, and especially knowing that our parents had had such confidence in us. — Joan Routledge, Garra, N.S.W.

Where do boys go in wintertime?

By KERRY YATES

● When winter comes to Australia each year handsome life-savers, surfboard riders, and beach boys generally just disappear, and puzzled girls wonder where they go.

DO the boys hibernate like grizzly bears, migrate to foreign parts with the birds, or just vanish like the flies?

Wherever they go or whatever they do, they return each summer looking as strong and wonderful as ever.

With winter just around the corner of next weekend, and the boys already half-way through their disappearing act, I was not content to just wonder. I decided to discover their secret.

So for the past few weeks I have been trying to find out what the boys I met were going to do this winter. Most of them thought it was very odd when I popped the question "And what do you do in winter?"—but at least they helped to solve the mystery.

It seems that football is the No. 1 menace. Each year thousands of boys all over Australia join football teams, train two or three nights a week, keep early nights to stay fit, and each Saturday or Sunday play in the big match.

Many girls go along to watch the football, but you've got to be keen to shiver on the hillside for a couple of hours just to see your boy-friend score.

And even when the final bell rings the boys spend the next hour or so in the dressing-sheds, talking about the game.

And, for the boys who don't play football, there's indoor basketball, squash, and tennis to keep them busy. Once in a while they may suggest a mixed-players' night, but mostly they want to play competition matches.

Golf is another culprit. Many boys travel miles to play on a good golf course, and girls may even be invited along "for a picnic day." But are they encouraged to have a hit? No. The girls prepare a barbecue while the boys have a round of golf.

Many boys take up judo, boxing, and compe-

titution table-tennis. They take these sports very seriously and haven't time for girls.

After months of lazing around the beaches, many boys show surprising energy in winter activities. They join bicycle-racing clubs, flying clubs, go bushwalking and camping. But can girls be included in the fun? Not very often.

Hundreds of boys are just crazy about cars. Some compete in car-racing, but most are happy to spend weekends "hotting-up" old bombs, just to gain speed. But what can girls gain—except an occasional spin around the block in these prized possessions?

Consider the budding musicians—who all seem to take a sudden interest in forming a band in the wintertime. Groups of boys gather for jam sessions in old halls or basement flats. As the boys burst into modern jazz tempos two or three times a week, even girls are way out.

These boys like to go to jazz clubs, but they don't want to dance. They like to go alone to listen to the music.

Ski-ing, skating, and ice-hockey also attract the boys in wintertime. More often than not, these interests are shared with other boys rather than with girl-friends.

Some fellas go "intellectual" for the winter. They study for school or university exams, read books, and even take up art or sculpture. They give everything else away, including girls.

Other competition for girls comes from building boats and surfboards and going to lifesaving drill in preparation for the return of summer.

So that's where the boys go in wintertime.

So where do the girls go? Unless you want to shiver with loneliness, there's only one answer: Go where the boys are and put up with the discomforts involved.

If you do you'll be in on the ground floor when the warmth of spring lures them back to the golden sands.





SISTER EUNAN, art teacher at Bethlehem College, points out (left) a flaw in pupil Beth Clinton's stained-glass window painting. Beth is 15, and proudly displays her work (above, standing at right) with fellow art students Annette Yates and (seated) Sandra Newman and Bogusla Jureck.

Party sweater for big date

● **OUR COVER GIRL** this week is wearing a party sweater which could be the answer to your latest dream—and it's so easy to make. Here are the directions:

Materials: 13 (B 15) balls Patons' Bluebell Crepe Yarn; 1 pair each Nos. 12 and 9 knitting needles; sequins.

Measurements: To fit 34 (B 36) in. bust; length from top of shoulder, 19 (B 20) in.; sleeve-seam, 15 in. (all sizes).

Tension: 13½ sts. to 2 in. in width.

BACK

** With No. 12 needles, cast on 110 (B 116) sts. and work 3 in. in k 1, p 1 rib. With No. 9 needles, cont. in st-st., inc. once at each end of needle in 3rd and every following 8th row until there are 116 (B 122) sts. on needle.

Work straight until back measures 11½ in.

Cast on 9 sts. at beg. of next 10 rows, ** and 11 sts. at beg. of next 10 rows—316 (B 322) sts.

Work straight until back measures 15½ in., ending with a p row.

Next Row: K 158 (B 161) sts., turn, and leave rem. sts. on a st-holder. Dec. once at neck edge in every row until 124 sts. rem., whilst at same time when cuff edge measures 4½ (B 5) in. Shape shoulder.

Cast off in rows that start from cuff edge 11 sts. 5 times, 10 sts. 5 times, and 19 sts. once. Fasten off.

Join in wool and work on rem. sts. to correspond with other side.

FRONT

Work as given from ** to ** for back—206 (B 212) sts.

Next Row: Cast on 11 sts.

(both sizes), 114 (B 117) sts. (including cast-on sts.), turn.

Leave rem. sts. on a st-holder. Dec. once at neck edge in next and every alt. row until 124 sts. rem., whilst at same time cast on in rows that start from armhole edge 11 sts. 4 times.

When cuff edge measures 4½ (B 5) in., shape shoulder.

Cast off in rows that start from cuff edge 11 sts. 5 times, 10 sts. 5 times, and 19 sts. once. Fasten off.

Join in wool at neck edge and work on rem. sts. to correspond with other side.

NECK FACING

Sew up shoulder and sleeve-seams. With right side of work facing and using No. 12 needles starting at centre front, knit up 120 sts. (both sizes) evenly along right neck edge to centre back. Work lin. in st-st., inc. once at each end of needle in every row. Cast off loosely.

Work left side of neck to correspond.

SLEEVE BANDS

With right side of work facing and using No. 12 needles, knit up 84 sts. (both sizes) evenly along each sleeve edge and work lin. in k 1, p 1 rib. Cast off loosely in rib.

TO MAKE UP

Press. Sew up seams. Join mitred edges of neck facing, then turn under lin. of st-st. and sl-st. in position on wrong side. Fold ribbing in half at lower edges of sleeves, and sl-st. in position on wrong side. Press all seams. Sew on sequins as illustrated.

ANCIENT ART NOW TAUGHT IN SCHOOL

● The painting of illuminated manuscripts, a beautiful and ancient art, is now part of the practical art course at Bethlehem Ladies' College at Ashfield, Sydney.

A MANUSCRIPT becomes "illuminated" when it is "lit" with colored decorations, elaborate initial letters, or painted miniatures.

Illumination as an art was first practised in the fourth century, but the first-known example of a Christian illuminated manuscript is one from the fifth century containing the Book of Genesis in Greek.

Nearly all early manuscripts were painted on vellum—the specially treated skin of a calf or ox. It made a tougher and more practical "book" than parchment.

Book decoration became a fashionable craze in Byzantium in the sixth century. No expense was spared in the search for costly materials. Colors were imported from Persia, India, and Spain, while the famous Byzantium ink was manufactured from imported Indian gold.

Vellums were tinted, and purple vellum decorated with gold and silver inks were prized by Greek and Roman emperors.

During the wars of the Middle Ages, many branches of art took refuge in the monasteries, and from the 10th to the 13th centuries nearly

all the illuminated manuscripts were the work of monks.

Most illuminated manuscripts were the work of two people: the illuminator, and the copyist who painted the words. They worked in a large common room in the monastery, called the Scriptorium.

Sometimes a monk did a whole book himself. He prepared the vellum, ruled the pages with a fine metal point, copied the text, painted the illuminations, and even added the binding.

But generally the work was divided. One monk scraped and polished the parchment, one ruled the pages, another wrote the text, leaving spaces for the elaborate initial letters and decorations.

Some monasteries used gold paint. Others used gold leaf.

When printing was invented in the 15th century, it put most professional copyists out of work, but the art of illumination flourished until modern color printing became common.

Today, illumination by hand is used mostly for legal documents, the Queen's documents, and special diplomas.

The girls at Bethlehem College are taught illumina-

tion in art classes from 1st year through to the Leaving Certificate. Sister M. Eunan teaches them to paint their manuscripts on heavy art paper.

The girls choose a verse and paint it in any style of lettering they wish, and then illuminate it.

Each girl has to think out her own theme for the decoration. Ideas are taken mostly from nature, and drawn in an abstract form. They use water-paints and are allowed to use only the primary colors—red, blue, yellow, with black and white. From these the girls mix their own shades.

Last year the girls formed a Guild for Artists. Known as the Guild of Fra Angelico, they have a coat of arms. Once a month, on a Saturday afternoon, the Guild meets in the school assembly hall.

Art students from nearby schools are welcome, and girls from Bethlehem College give lectures, or a debate between the girls and a team from a nearby boys' college is followed by a lecture by an artist or architect.

Proudly displayed along the wall of the hall are the manuscripts painted by the girls—an ancient art still practised in the age of Sputniks.

HOW TO BOIL AN EGG

● There's nothing to boiling an egg, you say? Anyone can do it? But what about when father says he would like his breakfast egg with a firm white and soft yolk — on a morning when he's a bit touchy and you want to borrow the car later, or have him help you with your homework? You'll be playing it safe if you read Debbie's hints on how to cook the simple things properly.

... and ...
grill a steak,
cook vegetables
and sausages,
boil or fry
potatoes,
make white
sauce and
rissoles.

● Boiling an egg

EGGS must be boiled gently to set the whites lightly without toughening.

To avoid cracking eggs taken out of a refrigerator, restore them to room temperature before cooking and place them gently in the water. If the shell cracks while boiling, add salt to the water; this will help set the escaping white of the egg.

There are two ways of boiling eggs:

1. Lower eggs carefully into gently boiling water. When the water reaches boiling point again, reduce the heat and boil gently 3 to 4 minutes according to how hard you want them to set. Rapid boiling cracks the shells and toughens the white of the egg.

2. Place eggs in cold water and bring to the boil. Boil gently for 3 to 4 minutes.

If eggs have been taken directly from the refrigerator, use the cold water method of cooking and allow an extra half minute cooking time.

When eggs are to be boiled and cooled, the cold water method is best.

If hard-boiled eggs are required, cook them in gently boiling water 8 to 10 minutes, so that the white and yolk both set hard. Crack the shells immediately, and plunge the eggs into cold water to help prevent dark rings forming around the yolks.

● Cooking sausages

IF your butcher has used good quality skins and not too much "bread filling" in the sausage meat, your sausages should cook without the skins splitting or shrinking.

Place sausages in large saucepan with cold water and heat until water is almost boiling. Turn off heat and stand aside 5 to 10 minutes. Remove the sausages from the water and grill or fry them.

For grilling, heat grill until bars or frets are glowing red, grease grill rack, and grill sausages for 3 minutes. Turn sausages over, lower heat, continue grilling another 5 to 10 minutes, or until cooked through.

To fry, roll sausages in seasoned flour, pat off all loose flour, and place them in hot greased pan, turning frequently, for 10 to 12 minutes. The lid may be placed on the pan if desired, to prevent fat spitting out, but this causes partial steaming and does not give a crisp brown outside to the sausages.

Drain excess fat off by placing sausages on absorbent paper before serving.

To save time when actually cooking the sausages, the water cooking may be done ahead of time and sausages drained and placed in refrigerator until required.

● Cooking vegetables

SOME vegetables have special rules for cooking, but the following rules apply to most varieties.

Use as fresh as possible. Wash thoroughly, but avoid soaking.

Shred greens such as cabbage and spinach. String and slice beans evenly. Break cauliflower into flowerets for quicker cooking.

Cut small slashes in the thick stem section of cauliflower and brussels sprouts so that they will cook in the same time as the tops.

Put prepared vegetables into a small quantity of boiling salted water, allowing 1 teaspoon salt to 1 pint water. Cover pan and boil steadily, but gently, 10 to 20 minutes, according to type and size of vegetables. Drain, saving the water for stock, gravy, or sauce.

Special rules for Peas and Spinach: Start peas in warm water (boiling water tends to burst the skins), add sugar and mint to flavor. Boil gently to preserve the shape.

Cook spinach with only the water which clings to the leaves after washing, and cook gently because the quantity of water is small. Rapid boiling causes quick evaporation and increases the risk of burning.

Finely shredded cabbage may also be cooked in this way, but melt about 2 tablespoons of butter or margarine in the pan first. Add plenty of pepper, and perhaps a finely chopped onion for flavor.

Note. If vegetables are fresh, correctly cooked, and served immediately, they will not lose much of their color — but if a special occasion demands the greenest of vegetables, you may cheat a bit and add a pinch of bicarbonate of soda to the water.

● Boiling or frying potatoes

WHEN buying potatoes, keep in mind the way they are going to be cooked.

New potatoes should be even in size, with no bruises, spots, or stains, because they are usually served in their skins.

Old potatoes should be free from bruises and diseased spots. They are usually mashed, fried, or baked with roast meat.

New Potatoes: Place potatoes in enough warm salted water to cover them. Bring to boil and reduce the heat, simmering very gently until a knife or skewer goes through them with no feeling of "hardness." Drain off the water and toss the potatoes in melted butter and chopped parsley or mint before serving.

Mashed Potatoes: Peel thinly and cut into even-sized pieces. Place in cold salted water and bring to the boil, then simmer gently until almost tender. Drain off the water, replace over heat to dry out slightly. Add salt, pepper, butter, and milk and mash them with a fork, masher, or electric mixer.

Chips: Use old potatoes if possible, and wash, scrub, and peel very thinly. Cut into thick even slices (or into thin strips for straws or matches). Soak in cold water, then drain and dry very thoroughly with a clean towel.

Place chips in a wire basket and lower it carefully into large deep pan no more than half full of fuming fat or oil, and cook until bubbles subside. Remove basket of chips and reheat fat or oil again until fuming, then replace basket and cook until chips are crisp and golden brown.

Drain thoroughly on absorbent paper and sprinkle with salt before serving.

● Grilling steak

FILLET, sirloin, rump, porterhouse, or T-bone steaks are the best for grilling. Yearling topside can also be grilled.

General Rules. Heat the grillers-bars, or frets, until they are glowing red. Grease grillers-rack. Brush the meat with melted butter, margarine, or fat, or with olive or nut oil.

Place steak on the rack under the grillers, and cook quickly 2 or 3 minutes on each side, turning with tongs or 2 spoons.

Don't pierce the meat with a fork or knife. This would let the juices run.

Reduce heat slightly, and continue cooking 3 to 5 minutes, depending on thickness of steak and whether it is to be eaten rare, medium, or well-done, turning the meat several times.

For the best flavor, season the meat with salt, pepper, and garlic about one minute before end of cooking time. Serve on a heated plate with a topping of parsley butter (made by tossing little cubes or balls of firm butter in chopped parsley) and cooked vegetables, and perhaps a side salad.

● Making white sauce

WHITE SAUCE is made in three thicknesses:

1. **Thin:** For pouring over meats or vegetables.

2. **Medium:** For serving beside meats, fish, and vegetables, or using in casseroles.

3. **Thick:** To combine with chopped meats or vegetables for fried patties.

The following quantities are for medium sauce, so add slightly less or more shortening and flour per half pint of milk as required for thin or thick sauces.

White Sauce (Medium): One ounce butter or margarine, 1oz. flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ pint milk, salt, pepper.

Melt butter or margarine in a saucepan over low heat, remove from the fire and stir in the flour with a wooden spoon. Gradually stir in the milk, return to the heat and cook, stirring constantly until boiling. Reduce the heat and cook another 3 minutes; season to taste with salt and pepper. Cover immediately to prevent a skin forming on top of sauce.

VARIATIONS

Mornay: Add $\frac{1}{2}$ cup grated cheese to white sauce after it has been cooked.

Onion Sauce: Peel two large onions, place them in cold water and bring to boiling point. Drain off water, slice and chop onions and add to white sauce.

Tartare Sauce: Add $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped gherkins, 1 tablespoon capers, and chopped parsley to white sauce.

Supreme Sauce: Add $\frac{1}{2}$ cup cream, 2 egg-yolks, and little lemon juice to white sauce.

● Cooking rissoles

RISSOLES, patties, meatballs, and sometimes ham- or beefburgers — they are all made from the one basic recipe and can be made to various shapes and sizes and named as you like.

In a basin mix together 1lb. finely minced steak, 1lb. sausage mince, 1 large onion (finely chopped), 2 teaspoons salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon pepper, 1 tablespoon tomato sauce, 2 teaspoons Worcestershire sauce, and 1 egg.

Use hands for mixing so that all the ingredients are thoroughly blended. Clean hands and, using a little flour so the meat won't stick to fingers, mould the mixture into pieces of whatever shape and size is required.

Heat a little oil, butter, or margarine in a frying-pan and cook the meat pieces, turning frequently to brown them evenly; time will vary, depending on size and whether you prefer them with "pink middles" or well done. Drain on absorbent paper or brown paper before serving.

Meatballs may be served with spaghetti and tomato sauce or a curry sauce and rice.

Patties are good with fried potato chips for breakfast.

Rissoles, served with a tasty mushroom sauce, creamy mashed potatoes, green peas, and grilled tomato halves make a simple yet appetising main meal of the day.

Hamburgers — wedged between toasted buns with tomato and lettuce in the traditional style or served with toasted bread or crumpets — are good for a snack at any time.



KIKI check tunic steals the chef's heart at Fanny's bistro, Melbourne. Sleeveless, with a long, slightly fitted torso released in a swirl of pleats, it is worn with a polo jumper.



CLASSIC for any wardrobe—a slim-skirted sleeveless tunic which moves into its after-dark role at the grill-bar at the Iliad, Melbourne, with a '20s hip-belt of sparkling diamante.



VARIATION on a theme—this kiki check outfit is a two-piece. The top, loosely tied at the waist, falls to hip-length over a box-pleated skirt.

TAKE IT EASY WHILE YOU EAT

● *Winding spaghetti round your fork or chatting over coffee in any of the romantic bistros you'll feel cosy, comfortable, and so smart in these gay young winter outfits. Colors are vivid — skirts come in pleats, flares, or occasionally the classic sheath.*

Fashions by Miss Sportscraft



SMART MIX-MATCH ensemble, taken at Florentino's bistro cellar, Melbourne. Striped jacket, with off-centre buttoning, is teamed with a plain slim skirt and a high head-hugging cloche.

TINY CHECKS in an up-to-date two-piece suit photographed at Ye Olde Crusty Cellar, Sydney. The top is simply tailored, the skirt features the newest flared look and a hipline belt.



Louise
Hunter

Here's

your answer

First lesson

"RECENTLY at a dance I won a contest with a boy I detest. After the dance I was telling my girl-friend that I disliked him, etc., and while I was saying this I realised he was standing behind me with a group of boys. I know he heard me. What should I do next time I see him, which could be any time? Please hurry with your advice as I am very embarrassed."

"Mel," Vic.

Just smile and behave as if you had never said what you did.

This sort of thing happens to everyone sometime. The best thing to do is act as if it hadn't happened. Saying anything only makes it worse.

But, for goodness' sake, act normally when you see him or he'll feel awful. If you act normally there's a 100 to 1 chance that he'll believe that he couldn't have heard rightly.

I know how awful you feel about him. It's a really ghastly thing to do and it takes a while to get over, but it's a good lesson learnt early.

Don't be indiscreet again. It generally means a hurt for someone.

A waiting game

"I AM very keen on an 18-year-old university student. He attends the same church regularly. I have left school and am beginning to appreciate life much more. Many people say I am attractive and charming. Do you think it would be too forward to ask him to a local dance or the theatre? I have known him for two years. When I was younger (I am now 17) I had a silly laugh; in fact, my manner, altogether, was childish when I first met him. Now I feel I have changed and would like him to notice it. Can you suggest a more intelligent manner of approach than fluttering the eyelashes?"

"Worried," N.S.W.

Don't flutter them. Let him make the running. He'll ask you out if he wants to.

A square's angle

"I AM 13½ and recently went to the pictures with a very nice boy, without my mother knowing. He is 14 and very nice-looking, and he kissed me a few times on our date. The trouble is, he met some bad types later and they asked me to have a cigarette, but I refused. Now he tells all the boys at school I am square. I had no idea he knew such types or that he smoked. What should I do? I like him very much and he likes me, and obviously he didn't want word to get back that he thought I was square."

"Square," Vic.

You should learn to keep the place of a 13½-year-old square—and that is not going secretly to the pictures with boys. You are headed for trouble. Take a quick turn away from it.

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Is smoking bad?

"I AM a 17-year-old girl and I smoke, not very much. But, please, is it bad for my health? Can it harm me in any way? I never smoke in public, but my parents know I do. I don't do it behind their backs."

"Janina," Tas.

Smoking is bad for your health. The Royal College of Physicians in Britain in a recent report says that several serious diseases, particularly lung cancer, affect smokers more often than non-smokers.

It also says cigarette smoking causes other types of cancer, bronchitis, and partly causes TB and coronary heart disease.

A problem boss

"I HAVE been going with my boy-friend for 18 months and have no doubt that I am in love with him. I have heard that the path of true love is never straight, and that is exactly how our love is. I am a secretary to an executive who is in his late twenties, married with two children, but, I'm afraid, is a bit of a wolf. Although I never take any notice of his continuous passes at me my boy-friend, who works in the same office, hears about them and takes them seriously. This causes serious arguments which hurt us both very much. Do you know of any cure for jealousy? He realises that it is a fault and is trying to find a cure for it. I am 19 and my boy-friend is 21."

"Rags," N.S.W.

The cure is in your hands: Get yourself a new job. Jealousy which has a good foundation, as your boy-friend's has, needs drastic treatment.

If you think more of your philandering boss than of your boy-friend, stay in your job and get yourself a new boy.

Too young?

"I GO to dancing lessons and I am 13 years old. I have a whole lot of questions to ask you, so could you please answer them in order. 1. Do you think I should be allowed to talk to boys? 2. Mum said she is not going to let me go out with boys until I am 16. Don't you think that is carrying things a bit far? All the girls I know go out with boys when they are 14. 3. Is it natural for a girl of my age to have a little bit of a crush on a boy? 4. If I did go out with a boy, say when I was 15, is that too young to be kissed? 5. Would he ask me first or would he just kiss me?"

"Wondering," W.A.

1. Yes.

2. Sixteen is quite young enough to go out alone with a boy. Occasional outings to school dances or other functions are sufficient before this age.

3. Yes.

4. No.

5. He'd just kiss you.

Just teasin'

"MY boy-friend, with whom I have been going out for several months, is 16. I am 15. He is very well-mannered and has a wonderful personality; he is also very good-looking. When we are out together he tells me he likes me very much, and always says how nice I'm looking. But he has one fault. When he is with a crowd or other boys he ignores me completely. Is he frightened that the boys would tease him (they're known for it) or is he just dangling me on a string?"

"Uncertain," S.A.

He is frightened of the teasing. When the male of the species starts his romantic life, he is super-shy about his feelings when he is with other boys.

Most of them believe that being interested in a girl automatically labels them as a sis in the eyes of their fellow men, and they go to all kinds of lengths to prove their feelings are exactly opposite to what they are.

The good thing is that they eventually grow out of it and get to a stage where they acknowledge to all and sundry that girls and romance are extra grouse.

Travel bug

"SINCE I was 15 I have been going with a very nice boy who is now 21. I am 18. Over the past three years our friendship has grown to love and we are now unofficially engaged. My being so young has made us decide to wait for about two more years before planning marriage. Now my boy-friend wants to go away on a working holiday for anything up to 12 months. I have tried to be understanding and have succeeded in making him feel that it is the right thing and will make us sure of our love. But I am not so sure myself. I am very worried because maybe he also wants to get away from me—he may have become used to having me around, and I may lose him to someone else. Do you think he is being unreasonable in his wish to travel, or am I just a little selfish in trying to keep him all to myself? I also wonder whether, during his absence, I should go out with others (as he advises me to, to make sure that he is the right one), as he is the first and only boy I

● Although pen-names and initials are always used, letters will not be answered unless real name and address of sender is given as a guarantee of good faith. Private answers to problems cannot be given.

have ever gone out with. I realise that if I object and he stays here he will regret it later, and possibly blame me for keeping him from his last fling. And then if we were married it would hurt us both much more than it will now. Is there any way you can help me?"

"Unsure," N.S.W.

You don't need any help from me. You have taken exactly the right line.

The whole situation is better for you, and the prospect is more exciting. Life is full of question marks when you have only been out with one man. All men are different, and it's nice to know whether or not you have chosen well. It is only by going out with others that you will know.

I don't think he is unreasonable and I don't think you are selfish. I think it's a darned good idea.

Your boy-friend is completely natural and normal, and very masculine in his desire to travel and get round unfettered for 12 months. Probably his feelings for you are not really involved in the decision, except that he is prepared to take a chance on them being the same when he returns.

But it won't be nearly so pleasing for him to come back to you after 12 months and find you have only been sitting in a corner thinking of him while he was away. It would be much more flattering and exciting for him to find you delighted to have him back after you have been out with lots of other young men.

Safety in numbers

"RECENTLY I went to a local country dance where I met for the second time a young married woman. I am 18 and find I am madly in love with her. I have never taken a girl out. Do you think this would help me to forget her?"

"Harry," Qld.

Yes.

A WORD FROM DEBBIE...



AN executive man-about-town, a mature type, greying at the temples, has ten girls working in his office.

He says eight of them get to work on time, except for transport hold-ups, two don't.

The two tardy typists are ill at ease, unpoised young women, he says, the only ones in the team who don't look like well-groomed career girls in glossy magazines. The latecomers were "bad wife material," too, he said.

Their specialties are:

- Badly pressed clothes that look as if they've been slept in.
- Grubby sweaters.
- Eating furtively at the desk (no time for breakfast).
- Dirty shoes, run-down heels.
- Chipped nail-polish.
- Badly applied make-up.
- Hair that is "just combed," not done.

What time do you get to work?



Pretty hair—fast

By Carolyn Earle

● *How you and your hair will look this winter is no game of chance. There are all sorts of ways to make your hair shinier, prettier, more eye-catching than it has looked in many a day, and they're best attended to early if you hope to get quick results.*

WHAT about your hairdo? Has it just grown, like Topsy, and lost any semblance to spruceness and neatness? For a quick change, see a hairdresser.

The best tip here is — don't be over-thrifty. Book an appointment with the best stylist you know; the sort of haircut you can get from him will be an investment. It will make home-setting fun instead of a bore.

Ask him to give you the most suitable cut for your type of hair. If you have fine hair he might club-cut it; this means cutting straight across, in sections, which will make your hair more manageable and give the impression of greater body.

If you have thick, coarse hair ask for a tapered cut (this is done by holding sections of hair at right-angles to the head and slithering the scissors along it toward the roots).

Tapering slightly thins the hair, giving wave and buoyancy to heavy, thick hair; then it is cut in layers to achieve a definite shape.

A lot is talked about razor cutting—that it is good for the hair, better for shaping, or only for very strong hair, and so on. A real "urchin" cut is better done by razor, as it gives a naturally ragged edge.

But do let your stylist decide on the cut to be used in the first place—he will be guided by the shape and texture of your locks.

Even if you intend to keep your hair fairly long—lots of girls are doing this—and merely want inspiration from your hairdresser as to a different style, let him trim it. In reality he is only shaping (not cutting) your hair and, incidentally, aiding its healthy growth.

A word of warning: Don't ask for an extreme hairdo from your stylist if you know your hair is hard to manage. He can't perform miracles, but he is trained to recognise the types of hair and to advise on suitable styles.

The secret of a happy winter hairstyle, be it long or short, is, of course, to have one that stays put without a lot of primping.

Short hair will stay neat, without bothersome ends, if you have it cut in a definite shape. With longer hair the best idea for a girl is to avoid odd pieces of different lengths.

For longer-lasting curls you can add a bit of hair-spray, if need be, but be sure to brush it all out of your hair at night.

Nothing marks down the appearance of youthful hair as much as lack of vitality.

Thick, wiry, very curly hair—it's usually dry as well—can be a special headache to its owner after a whole summer of wash-and-drip-dry methods of hair care.

If you've allowed this to happen (well, we all do occasionally), get to it now with regular warm oil treatments and a conditioning cream after every (cream) shampoo.

It will do your heart good to see the transformation from dry bush into hair that's smooth and glossy in a reasonable length of time.

Rather than applying a setting lotion, set your hair while it is wet, rubbing a bit of cream dressing on to the wet ends and sliding hair-strands between the fingertips for thorough coverage.

Always roll hair up in large rollers to guard against frizziness, and apply a bit more cream dressing to control your hair when it's dry and before you actually comb it into shape.

Frequent brushing is also a great help.

● 3 COINS IN A FOUNTAIN!

● There's a lot of talk about the introduction in Australia of a decimal coinage system.

YOU know what decimals are—sentences made out of figures with the full stops in a funny place.

And with decimals you give the usual fraction signs no quarter—and make your point another way.

Now, all jokes aside, the decimal system might be all very well for accountants and such, who reckon we'll get less at sixes and sevens with units of ten.

They scorn the problems of converting our present system.

But—has anyone figured out the even more involved side effects?

Notably, the problem of changing the ways we figure out love. (This problem would be heightened by also changing to metric weights and measures.)

Sounds confusing? Well, here's what I mean . . .

Take, for instance, the phrases that would have to change to fit the new set-up.

No more would a boy be able to say to his lass: "You're a girl in a million."

It would be pretty dull, but he'd compute crisply: "You're a .000001 girl!"

And what would happen to that gallant rejoinder, when a girl has expressed pleasure at a gift of chocolates, "Sweets for the sweet?"

Wouldn't it now have to be "Hundreds and thousands for the sweet?"

My heart bleeds, also, when I think what would happen to the lovely old songs.

"Tenderly," I suppose, would become "Decimal-erly."

And, if our new coinage used American terms, there could be "Dime-onds Are a Girl's Best Friend" and "Paper Doll-ar."

It would be just as tough, of course, if we adopted other countries' coin names.

We'd have to change the old Eddie Cantor song "Making Whooper" into "Making Rupee."

Naturally, however, it would be nice to know that girls we went out with had a yen.

Nevertheless, I suppose things would be much the same "By the Bonny, Bonny Banks . . .!"

A change in measurements and weights could be equally ill-metric by moonlight.

A girl dieting to make herself more attractive to boys would need new instructions to kill-her-grammes.

And how would a girl know if a boy was going too far? Now there are yardsticks for behaviour.

Oh, well, these little things, I suppose, are centimetre to try us.

—Robin Adair

AUSTRALIAN PAINTERS

by Douglas Watson

Confidence and craftsmanship

11. John Richard Passmore
(1904 —)

SINCE his return from London in 1950, John Passmore has probably influenced younger Sydney painters more than any other painter since Dobell.

This became apparent when he took up teaching at Julian Ashton's art school and later at the East Sydney Technical College. His influence has been profound and is based on solid draughtsmanship and a great knowledge of his craft.

Born in Sydney in 1904, Passmore's early studies were at the Julian Ashton school, where his work showed remarkable ability. He handled paint with confidence and approached figure drawing with surety.

This period of study lasted until 1933, when he left Australia for London. He remained in Europe for the next 17 years. It was during this time that Passmore made an exhaustive study of artists such as Rembrandt and Tintoretto, Cezanne and Picasso.

In the painting at right, "Rock Pool with Bathers," Passmore has painted with complete control, using techniques learnt dur-

ing his study of the artist Cezanne. The whole picture has been organised and brought together with color.

His paint quality varies—in some places it is thin and in others loaded on heavily—the transparency of the color playing an important part in the technique.

This phase of Passmore's work was humanistic—he observed people bathing, fishing, or on the beach, seeing all these things as a spectator. His paintings mirrored people and had the subtle ironic touch of a keen student of life.

Passmore's latest paintings are completely abstract, painted with a palette knife which creates rich texture and movement over the whole canvas. This aspect of his work is in line with the type of Abstract Expressionism developed in America by artists like Jackson Pollock and Kline.

In 1950 Passmore won the Helena Rubinstein Scholarship. This gave him an opportunity to study in Europe again for 12 months. His pictures are hung in most Australian galleries and many important private collections.

NEXT WEEK: Ian Fairweather.

"ROCK POOL WITH BATHERS,"
by John Passmore.



TEENA by Linda Terry



LISTEN HERE with Ainslie Baker

Is she Australia's answer to Doris Day?

What's it like to be the girl who people say is another Doris Day and will be Australia's next musical-comedy star?

YOU can take it from breezy, bubbly, 20-year-old Judy Cannon that it's a mixture of being thrilled, scared, not quite able to believe it, and just plain hard work.

She squirms at the Doris Day part—not because she doesn't admire Doris, but because she doesn't want to be thought copying anybody at all.

"I don't know what I've done for everyone to be so good to me," she said. "And because I don't want to let anyone down, I've been working harder these last weeks than I've ever worked in my life."

Following a successful audition with J. C. Williamsons, who said they'd like to have her in a show, Judy's taking daily dancing and singing lessons and is practising hard at home.

Add to this her regular "Bryan Davies Show" and "Revue '62" appearances, a crash slimming programme that has given her a wonderful new figure, plus trying out songs for a new record, and it's not surprising that Judy says, "At the moment my social life is nil."

Just two of the many people who have played good fairy to her are Col Joyce, who first suggested that she leave Melbourne and try her luck in Sydney, and Neil Williams, who pushed her into having the stage audition.

I wasn't surprised when Judy, just about the most frank, natural, and modest Australian girl you could find, told me: "If I go overseas and am a success, I won't stay there. And though I love Melbourne, I'll come back first to Sydney, where I got my big break."

She's the sort of girl who doesn't call a cab, but hops on to her own pink motor scooter... says "urk!" when she looks in the mirror... and breaks up photographers by pulling faces and going into zany poses.

Local talent: There's a surprise on the reverse side of *The Sapphires'* attractive "Song Of The Seven Seas" (H.M.V. 45), which, by the way, is their own composition. It's "Celia Samba," a French folk song with a samba beat, and the boys sing it in the original language. The group's French-speaking Ned Hussey learned the song as a child in Lebanon, and coached fellow Sapphires Tony Garrick and Duke Finlay.

Pops: Since his album about this time last year, I can't recall having heard anything of Rod Lauren, who had such a hit with "If I Had A Girl." He's been



JUDY CANNON — "thrilled, scared, and not quite able to believe it."

busy on the U.S. nightclub circuit it seems, and has been acting for Alfred Hitchcock on TV. Rod's out now with a strong revival of "I Dreamed," backed by another different-sounding number, "A Wondrous Place" (R.C.A. 45).

WHEN Paul Anka sings a song composed by someone else, there's usually a good reason for his choice. It's certainly so with "I'll Never Find Another You" (Ampar 45), which is dreamy, romantic, and has a dramatic cha-cha beat.

UNTIL a few weeks ago, when I was rather impressed with a single of his, I hadn't heard America's new rave pianist Peter Nero. "Young And Warm And Wonderful" (R.C.A. LP) pretty well describes the mood created by this former classical pianist on

a new R.C.A. LP. Some of the tracks are "Thou Swell," "All The Things You Are," "The Way You Look Tonight."

HER powerhouse drive makes Brenda Lee an obvious choice to sing the old Al Jolson songs like "Toot Toot Tootsie Good-bye," "Back In Your Own Backyard," "Baby Face," and "Rock-a-Bye Your Baby With A Dixie Melody" on "Brenda Lee's Tribute To Al Jolson" (Festival EP).

IT'S beginning to look as though Andy Stewart may never have another hit like his first one, that wonderful "Scottish Soldier." Still he's always pleasant to listen to, and his Top Rank single, "Take Me Back," is quite an appealing ballad. However, with folk songs so popular I shouldn't be surprised if a lot of people didn't prefer the charming traditional flip, "The Road And Miles To Dundee."

IF you like "An American In Paris" and "Porgy And Bess" you might like to hear some other music by the same composer, George Gershwin. The Boston Pops Orchestra, under Arthur Fiedler and with Earl Wild at the piano, play three worth-knowing Gershwin compositions, "Concerto in F," "Cuban Overture," and "I Got Rhythm" on an R.C.A. LP, "Gershwin—Concerto in F" (mono and stereo).

Modern classics: A collector's item for Youth-concert goers is a stereo reprocessing of the great Toscanini conducting the NBC Symphony Orchestra in Respighi's two enchanting musical descriptions of his homeland, "Pines Of Rome" and "Fountains Of Rome" (R.C.A. LP).

WORTH HEARING

BRUCKNER: "Romantic" Symphony

ANTON BRUCKNER is a composer who has long been revered in German-speaking countries but is still only slowly becoming popular among English-speaking audiences.

He lived at the same time as Wagner and was a devoted admirer of him. (Wagner did not return the compliment.) However, Bruckner, unlike Wagner, wrote no operas; he expressed himself chiefly in nine spacious symphonies, most of them very long.

The fourth (called the "Romantic" symphony, although all Bruckner's symphonies are romantic enough) is one of the shorter ones and one of the most approachable. It makes a good introduction to Bruckner, and you could have no better introduction to this symphony than through a new recording by Bruno Walter and the Columbia Symphony Orchestra just issued by Coronet.

Although his name is usually linked with Wagner, Bruckner's personality was utterly different from Wagner's. He was a simple, unworldly, deeply pious man, and these qualities come through in his music, despite its striving after "bigness." There are innocently lyrical passages in this symphony that remind us more of Schubert than anyone.

—Martin Long



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Remember that proper care of your complexion in the sensitive years can bring a lifetime of natural loveliness.

This is expressed in the radiant glow of a petal-soft skin. Incidentally Rexona Soap is as mild and fragrant as you could possibly wish.

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Teenagers' Weekly — Page 11



BOBBY DARIN

Page 12 — Teenagers' Weekly

Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly — May 30, 1962

LOVE LETTER FOR A LIFETIME



"Tarantella"

● Australian ballet dancer Robin Haig, from Perth, is pictured at left with Ronald Emblen in "Tarantella" (from the ballet "Swan Lake"). The context of this vigorous dance is this: At the court ball, during which young Prince Siegfried must choose his bride, the entertainment is lavish and exciting. One of the dances performed for the guests is the gay "Tarantella," based on a legend that an energetic dance could save a person bitten by the poisonous tarantula spider. Music, Tchaikovsky. Choreography, Frederick Ashton.

Continued on page 39

Continued from page 35

THE
BP
SUPER
SHOW

SOUVENIR
PROGRAMME

of
MARGOT
FONTEYN

"Valse Excentrique"

● Written for The Royal Ballet gala performance in 1956, "Valse Excentrique" is a comic pas de trois in which the characters (two young men interested in the same girl) are dressed in 1910 bathing costumes. The dancers (from left, Bryan Ashbridge, Annette Page, and Ronald Emblen) have said they love doing "Valse," and audiences rock with mirth at the antics of the threesome. Music by Jacques Ibert. Choreography by Kenneth MacMillan.



MAKE EVERY MEAL A FESTIVE OCCASION



* Delicious Mutton Mandalay recipe from page 43

Pictured: 4 pint oblong Casserole and 3 pint round Casserole in Golden Glow stand, both in Buttercup Flannel Flower design; set of six 12oz. Ramekins in Harlequin colours.

Why not...when perfect cooking comes so easily, serves so temptingly, in Festive Ware. Agee Pyrex Festive Ware adds glamorous new patterns, and appetising colours to the well-loved cookery virtues of famous Clear Pyrex. Using it is the way to his heart. Giving it is the way to hers!... *Festive Ware by Agee Pyrex.*

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SOUVENIR PROGRAMME
of
MARGOT FONTEYN

"Blue Bird"

● Famous in ballet, the Blue Bird dance is from "The Sleeping Beauty." When the Sleeping Princess marries her handsome prince, dancers from far and wide come to entertain at the wedding. The enchanting Blue Bird dance was especially admired. Maryon Lane dances the part of the captive Princess Florisse, and the exacting part of the Blue Bird, who comes to visit her, is danced by Brian Shaw. This is one of the most famous pas de deux in ballet history and requires extreme virtuosity. Music by Tchaikovsky. Choreography by Marius Petipa.

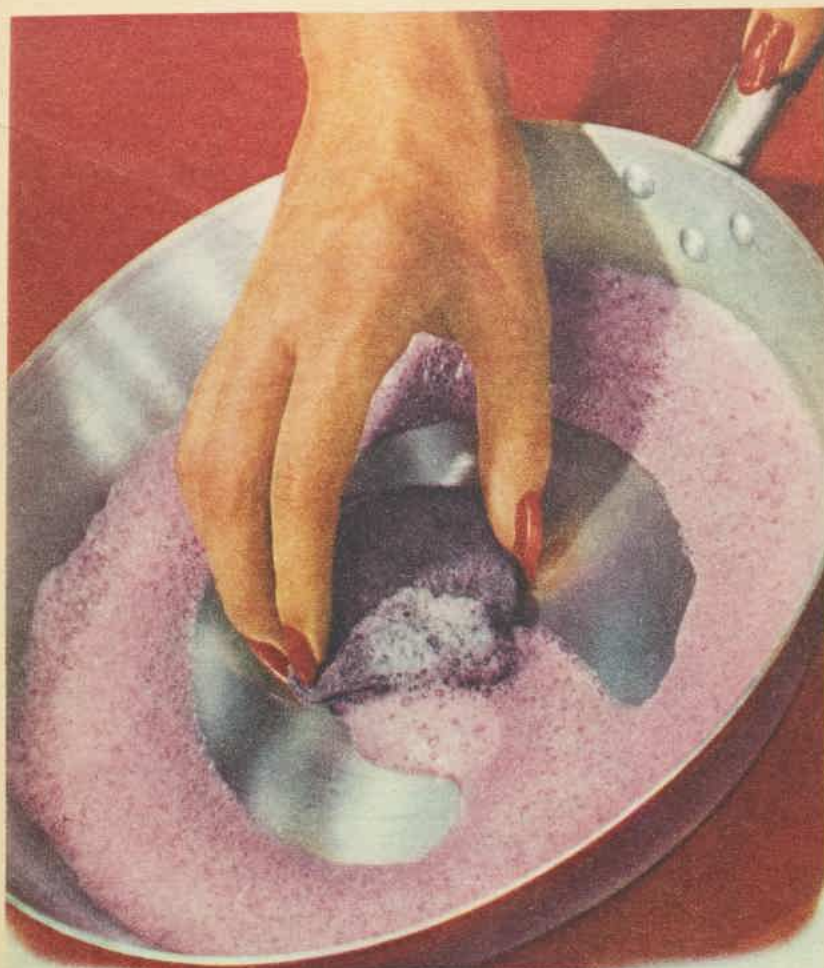


"Birthday Offering"

● Each year The Royal Ballet gives a gala performance in London and one new piece is included in the repertoire. "Birthday Offering" was written in 1956 for the 25th anniversary of The Sadler's Wells Ballet, now The Royal Ballet, as a showpiece for the ballet company. Only two performances were originally intended, but the ballet has been highly successful and has been performed in each Covent Garden season since. From left the dancers are Maryon Lane with Brian Shaw, Annette Page with Bryan Ashbridge, Dame Margot Fonteyn with David Blair, and Robin Haig with Ronald Embley. The music was written by Alexandre Glazounov. Choreography by Frederick Ashton.

The End





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bring back...bring back
oh bring back my
whiteness
to me!

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FLOWERING



HYDRANGEAS grow on a slope at the home of Mrs. L. Ramsden, Darling Point, N.S.W. They need plenty of water and do best in shade.

● Although Australian gardens flower all year round, spring is a special season with its burst of bulbs and profusion of flowering shrubs.

SPRING-FLOWERING shrubs include Syringa (lilac). There are more than 50 varieties including the Dutch hybrids. Slow growers, they do best in cold climates.

For colder climates, too, try Ribes (flowering currant). There are two good varieties, R. sanguineum (red) and aurea (yellow). Cydonia (flowering quince) in white, pink, or red makes a lovely display.

Hibiscus is perfect for warmer climates. It flowers generously for many months and can be trimmed into a hedge.

The Cestrum family — soft-wooded shrubs from tropical America — includes Cestrum elegans (previously listed as Habrothamnus elegans), which has red flowers followed by clusters of red fruits.

C. aurantiacum, the golden variety, has masses of yellow flowers, but it suckers badly. C. nocturnum, a night-blooming variety, has rather insignificant flowers, but a strong scent at night.

Abutilons (Chinese Lanterns) flower over a long period from spring to autumn. They will grow anywhere, except in extreme cold, and come in white, red, orange, yellow, and pink. The dwarf prostrate variety, Vexillarium variegata, has variegated foliage with gold and crimson flowers edged with yellow.

WEIGELA, a deciduous shrub with red, pink, or white flowers in spring. After flowering cut away most of the flowering wood to the lowest strong shoot.

NEXT WEEK:
Winter-flowering shrubs and trees.

Buddleja (or Buddleia) has several varieties. Although the lilac tones are the best known this plant is also available in orange—variety globosa.

Caryopteris, or blue spirea, has blue flowers and grows to about 6ft. Other spirea varieties are gracilis, reevesiana, and prunifolia, and the red Anthony Waterer.

Exochorda grandiflora (pearl bush) is a hardy 5ft. shrub with snow-white flowers in early spring. The buds resemble pearls.

Cytisus, Genista, and Spartium (Broom) bloom profusely. They vary in color, grow fast under the toughest conditions, but need good pruning after flowering and have only a limited life.

Felicja angustifolia is a small, hardy shrub which in spring is smothered in small, deep lilac flowers. It likes a warm, sunny position and thrives on dry banks or borders. Another variety, Echinata paralia, grows to 2ft., has leaves set in whorls and large blue flowers with a yellow centre.

Indigofera decora has racemes of pink flowers which hang along the stems wisteria-fashion.

Lavandula, a dwarf bush shrub, produces masses of sweet-scented flowers. It thrives in open, well-drained situations and loves lime.

Lavandula stoechas, the French lavender, flowers profusely in spring and summer. Other varieties are summer-flowering.



SHRUBS FOR SPRING



KERRIA japonica has single or double yellow flowers in spring, grows to 6ft. Prune after flowering.



EUPATORIUM megaphyllum, above, grows to 7ft. Cut down to base after flowering to encourage stout canes the following year. Plant in sheltered spot.

VIBURNUM opulus, below, commonly called Guelder rose or snowball tree. There are many varieties, both evergreen and this deciduous variety.



SYRINGA (lilac), below, variety Congo needs cold winters to grow and flower successfully. It grows to 10-15ft., flowers in spring.



CRATAEGUS oxycantha (William Paul), below, is a double species of hawthorn. Spring flowers are followed by berries.



FORSYTHIA'S yellow flowers bloom before the leaves show. Thrives in temperate or cold climates.



BRUNFELSIA latifolia, above, a bushy shrub, grows to 10ft. The sweet-scented lavender-blue flowers change to white.

SPRING SCENE, left, featuring *Spiraea gracilis*, and pink-flowered *Prunus* var. *moserii* in back ground, with stock, anemones, alyssum, and gazanias.



ABELIA grandiflora, below, can be used as an informal hedge. It is hardy, has glossy foliage, pink bell-shaped flowers in great profusion.



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THE GOOD THEY DO YOUR BABY NOW — LASTS A LIFETIME

Page 42

BUY MEAT...

- Always buying and serving the cheapest meats is not the only way to budget your house-keeping money. Knowing how to use every cut of meat to best advantage will prove just as economical.

THE most economical way to buy meat is in one large quantity or section. This is sold at an overall price per pound that is far lower than that of individual cuts.

In the last few years, improvements in domestic refrigeration have made it possible to store big quantities of fresh meat successfully (especially in refrigerators with large freezing shelves) for weeks, if need be. So the daily menu can be varied or supplemented with the meat in store.

The cheapest meat purchases in bulk are sides of lamb, hogget, or mutton (prepared by the butcher into chops, boned shoulder, corned leg, etc.), large beef rib cuts, and bolar cuts of beef.

These large purchases of meat can be used in these ways:

Sides of Lamb, Hogget, or Mutton: Provides meat for dishes using leg meat, chump chops, short loin chops, breast and shoulder meats, and neck chops.

Bolar of Beef: Provides pot roasts, cross-cut of blade steak for grilling (from the point end). This can also be used in recipes which require a tender cut of steak.

Large Unrolled Rib of Beef: Cuts up into pieces for roasting, eye fillet, cuts such as sirloin or porterhouse for grilling or for special dishes, and short rib ends for braising and casseroles.

The recipes in this cookery feature show how a side of lamb, hogget, or mutton will provide a week's dishes for a family of six, and how the menu can be varied by beef pot roasts, grills, braises, casseroles, and other dishes to give nearly three weeks of interesting, yet economical, family meals.

All this can be achieved at a cost far lower than if the cuts of meat were bought separately.

Level spoon measures and the eight-liquid-ounce cup measurement are used in all the recipes.

LAMB, HOGGET, AND MUTTON

ROAST SHOULDER

One shoulder or forequarter of lamb or hogget (boned and rolled), 2½ cups soft breadcrumbs, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, 1 dessertspoon butter or substitute, 1 tablespoon finely chopped onion, ¼ teaspoon grated lemon rind, pinch nutmeg and herbs, salt, pepper, 1 egg-yolk, milk to moisten, fat.

Remove string from joint, unroll carefully on flat board. Rub butter into breadcrumbs. Add parsley, onion, lemon rind, nutmeg, herbs, salt, pepper. Moisten with egg-yolk beaten with little milk. Spread over meat, re-roll, tie up again with clean, fine string. Place in baking-dish with few tablespoons melted fat. Bake uncovered in moderate oven approximately 2 hours, basting occasionally if meat is lean. Prepare potatoes and pumpkin, dry, dust with salt and pepper, and place in fat round meat for last 45 to 50 minutes of cooking time.

SEASONED LEG

One boned leg of lamb or hogget (4½ lb. to 5 lb.), 2 tablespoons diced onion, ½ cup mushrooms or 1 small can mushrooms, 2 tablespoons melted butter or substitute, 2 cups soft breadcrumbs, 1 teaspoon salt, pinch cayenne pepper, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, 1 tablespoon finely chopped parsley, ½ cup pineapple juice.

Spicy Glaze: One teaspoon ground ginger or chopped fresh rosemary, 1 dessertspoon butter or substitute, ¼ teaspoon salt, pinch pepper.



CORNED FOREQUARTER of lamb or hogget, boned and rolled for boiling, is served hot with boiled vegetables and parsley sauce. Later it should supply enough left-over cold meat for two more meals.

and save money

Wipe meat with damp cloth. Fry onions in melted butter or substitute until tender, add breadcrumbs, brown lightly. Remove from heat, add salt, pepper, parsley, and chopped mushrooms. Stuff into pocket in leg; skewer or sew opening together. Rub surface of meat with spicy glaze made by combining ingredients well together. Stand on rack in baking-dish in small quantity of fat, bake $\frac{1}{2}$ hour in moderately hot oven. Reduce heat to moderate, cook further 1 to 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ hours, basting frequently with lemon and pineapple juice mixed together. Serve with vegetables and rich brown gravy.

CASSEROLE A LA ZITA

Two pounds chump or best end of neck chops, 2 tablespoons fat, 2 tablespoons flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ cups hot water, pepper, salt, 2 chopped onions, 1 kidney, 2 rashers bacon, 2 sticks celery, 2 carrots, 2 tablespoons chopped parsley.

Lightly brown meat in hot fat. Remove, add flour and brown. Stir in hot water; add onion, chopped bacon, celery, carrots, chopped kidney, and meat. Simmer gently 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ hours. Season to taste, serve piping-hot topped with parsley.

MUTTON MANDALAY

Two pounds mutton leg or chump chops, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup flour, salt, cayenne pepper, oil, 2 cloves garlic, 2 large onions, 2 to 3 dessertspoons curry powder, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon ginger, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon cinnamon, 2 green apples, 1 green pepper, 2 cups meat or vegetable stock or 2 bouillon cubes dissolved in 2 cups water, 2 tomatoes, 1 lemon, 1 tablespoon brown sugar, 2 potatoes, 4 cups plain boiled rice, raisins, shredded coconut, cucumber, almonds, chutney, tomatoes, onions.

Cut meat into cubes, roll each piece in well-seasoned flour. Heat 3 tablespoons oil in pan, add meat, saute until browned all over. Remove meat, set aside. Add crushed garlic and onion rings to pan, fry until softened. Sprinkle in the remaining flour, curry-powder, ginger, cinnamon. Fry gently a few minutes. Add chopped apple and green pepper, meat stock, roughly chopped tomatoes, lemon rind and juice, brown sugar. Stir until boiling, return meat to pan, add peeled cubed potatoes, and carefully turn into heatproof casserole. Cook in moderately slow oven 1 to 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ hours.

Beef could be used in place of the mutton if desired, and extra vegetables such as sliced carrots, beans, peas, etc., could be added to give variation in flavor.

Serve with plain boiled rice and separate side dishes of raisins, toasted coconut, cubed cucumber, almonds, chutney, and sliced fresh tomatoes and onions.

BARBECUE BAKE

One and a half pounds best neck, hogget, or lamb chops, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup finely chopped celery, 1 dessertspoon mixed mustard, 1 tablespoon lemon juice or vinegar, 1 finely chopped onion, $\frac{1}{2}$ clove crushed garlic, 1 tablespoon brown sugar, 1 tablespoon worcestershire sauce, 1 small can tomato soup.

Arrange chops in well-greased baking-dish or small casserole, bake $\frac{1}{2}$ hour in moderate oven. Remove excess fat, heat together the remaining ingredients. Pour over chops in dish, bake $\frac{1}{2}$ hour longer. Baste chops frequently with sauce. Serve hot.

GRILL DIABLE

Four shortloin chops cut $\frac{1}{2}$ in. thick, 1 tablespoon tomato sauce, 1 teaspoon dry mustard, 1 teaspoon worcestershire sauce, pinch salt, pinch cayenne pepper, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, 1 dessertspoon butter or substitute, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley.

Remove skin from chops, secure chops with cocktail stick to preserve shape. Grill 8 to 10 minutes, turning several times. Mix sauces, mustard, salt, cayenne pepper, lemon juice, butter or substitute, and parsley until well blended. Spread thickly on one side of each chop, place under hot grill 2 minutes. Serve hot.

CUTLETS CANBERRA

One and a half pounds lamb or hogget cutlets, 1 tablespoon butter or substitute, 2oz. minced ham, 2 shallots (finely chopped), 1 teaspoon chopped parsley, 1 finely chopped tomato, 2oz. chopped mushrooms, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup thick white sauce, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, pinch pepper, 2

tablespoons flour, 1 egg, little milk, breadcrumbs, oil or fat for frying.

Heat butter or substitute in pan, add ham, shallots, parsley, tomato, mushrooms. Cook 2 to 3 minutes. Combine with white sauce, salt, pepper, and set aside to cool. Spread even amount of this mixture over one side of each cutlet, pat on firmly. Dredge cutlets lightly into flour, dip in egg and milk glazing, coat with breadcrumbs. Fry in heated oil or fat until meat is cooked through, drain and serve piping-hot with grilled tomato halves, sauteed mushrooms, green peas, and mashed potatoes if desired.

CONTINENTAL BRAISE

One boned breast of lamb or hogget, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. sausage meat (or use sausages with skins removed), 1 tablespoon grated onion, 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley, 2 tablespoons grated carrot, 1 teaspoon salt, pinch pepper, 1 onion, 3 tomatoes, 1 cup stock or water, 1 dessertspoon worcestershire sauce, 1 tablespoon flour, fat.

Have butcher remove bone from breast of lamb. Wipe meat with damp cloth. Combine sausage meat, grated onion, parsley, carrot,

salt and pepper. Spread over lamb within $\frac{1}{2}$ in. of edge. Roll up, skewer or tie with fine string. Brown roll on all sides on hot fat in large saucepan. Remove, add peeled and sliced onion, brown. Add water or stock, skinned, chopped tomatoes, sauce; season with salt and pepper. Return meat to pan, cover and simmer very gently 2 hours. Lift meat on to hot serving-dish, remove skewers or string. Thicken gravy with flour blended with little extra water, simmer 5 minutes. Pour round meat, which is sliced before serving.

FLORENTINE LAYER

One onion, 1 dessertspoon butter or substitute, 2 to 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ cups minced cooked lamb, $\frac{1}{2}$ pint mint-flavored white sauce, salt, pepper, 2 tablespoons grated cheese, 2 chopped hard-boiled eggs, cooked spinach, mashed potatoes, extra butter or substitute.

Saute sliced onion in melted butter or substitute without browning. Add meat, white sauce, salt and pepper to taste, cheese, and eggs. Mix well, simmer 5 minutes. Fill into greased ovenproof dish. Top with layer of spinach, then layers of potatoes. Dot with extra butter or substitute. Reheat in oven.

BAKED rolled forequarter of lamb (which includes shoulder, ribs, and breast meat) cuts easily into slices for serving with vegetables or use in cooked meat dishes. See recipes this page.

MONDAY'S LOAF

Three cups finely chopped or minced cooked lamb, 1 cup soft white breadcrumbs, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup tomato sauce, 2 eggs, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup finely chopped onion, 1 teaspoon worcestershire sauce, 1 large can apricot halves, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup cream cheese, salt, pepper, parsley.

Combine meat, breadcrumbs, tomato sauce, eggs, onion, worcestershire sauce. Press into well-greased loaf-tin, bake in moderate oven 1 hour. Drain syrup from apricots. Blend cream cheese with salt and pepper to taste. Fill centre cavity of each apricot half with cheese mixture; serve round parsley-garnished loaf.

Continued overleaf



RECIPES FROM OUR LEILA C. HOWARD KITCHEN

RECIPE WINS PRIZE

THIS week's prize of £5 is awarded to Mrs. H. Baker, 28 Northcote Street, East Brisbane, for an unusual marble butter cake recipe.

All spoon measurements are level.

FIG MARBLE CAKE

Three ounces butter or substitute, 5oz. castor sugar, 6oz. self-raising flour, pinch salt, 1 pint milk, 3 egg-whites, grated rind 1 lemon, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, 1 teaspoon cinnamon and nutmeg, 4oz. chopped dried figs, 1 tablespoon treacle.

Cream butter or substitute and sugar in bowl until light and fluffy. Sift flour and salt together. Add a tablespoon of the flour to creamed mixture, then the milk. Mix well. Add half remaining flour, stir into mixture. Beat egg-whites until stiff, fold lightly into mixture with remaining flour, lemon rind, and juice. Turn 2/3rds of mixture into another bowl, add cinnamon, nutmeg, figs, and treacle. Stir in lightly until just blended. Put a dessertspoon of dark mixture and a teaspoon of pale mixture into 8in. sandwich-tin (grease tin, line with paper). Continue in this way until all mixture is used. Bake in moderate oven 1 to 1 1/4 hours.

Continuing . . . BUY MEAT AND SAVE MONEY

BEEF

OVEN ROAST

Joints that weigh not less than 2 to 2 1/2 lb. are the most satisfactory for baking or roasting. A moderately slow oven is best because low-heat roasting minimises shrinkage and loss of moisture and develops a rich meaty flavor.

For best results do not cover baking-dish or add water; both create steam, which is to be avoided in roasting.

Wipe joint with clean, damp cloth. Place in uncovered baking-dish with 1 in. of hot melted fat. Place 1 tablespoon of fat on top of joint, place in moderately slow oven, baste every 15 to 20 minutes, continue cooking until tender. Allow 30 minutes per lb. of meat, slightly less if joint has bone.

POT ROAST

Rub rib-rolled or bolar roast with 1/2 cup flour mixed with 1 dessertspoon salt and pinch pepper. For softer, paler brown surface omit flour and rub with salt and other seasonings as desired.

Heat 1 tablespoon of fat in heavy saucepan, brown roast on all sides. Slip rack under meat to prevent burning during roasting period. Add about 1 cup water, 1/2 cup sliced onion, few peppercorns, and 1 bayleaf. Cover saucepan and cook slowly, allowing water to simmer but not boil. Add more water if necessary to keep 1/2 to 1 in. water in base of saucepan to form steam. Turn meat during cooking.

A 3lb. pot roast cooks in 2 1/2 to 3 hours; 5lb. roast in 3 1/2 to 4 hours.

SEASONINGS FOR POT ROASTS

Vegetables: Peeled or scraped carrots, peeled onions, stalks celery cut into 2in. lengths, peeled medium-sized potatoes, and other mild-flavored vegetables in whole or good-sized pieces to retain their shape at serving-time. Do not add too strongly flavored vegetables which overpower meat flavor.

Tomato: Add 2 cups diced tomatoes, 1 teaspoon prepared mustard, and 1 onion (peeled and sliced).

Piquant: Pour 1 tablespoon Worcestershire or other meat sauces and 2 tablespoons red wine into liquid.

Herbs: Fresh or dried herbs can be added. Use only 1 bayleaf unless you like a predominance of this flavor.

To Make Gravy: Remove meat and vegetables to platter; keep hot. Skim off fat, measure remaining liquid. If there are broken vegetables these can be mashed through strainer and returned. Add water to make up to 3 cups. Blend 3 tablespoons flour with 1/2 cup cold water; stir slowly into liquid. Boil 5 minutes, season if desired.

STEAK LORRAINE

Four thin sirloin steak pieces (each cut about 8oz. with bones removed), 1 clove garlic (peeled), 1/2 cup oil, 1 cup butter or substitute, 1 teaspoon dry mustard, 1/2 teaspoon salt, 1/2 cup chopped parsley, 2 teaspoons lemon juice, 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, 1/2 teaspoon pepper.

Combine sliced garlic and oil. Let stand 5 minutes, then use to brush both sides of steak. Mix butter or substitute, mustard, and salt in pan. Stir in parsley, heat until butter bubbles. Add lemon juice, Worcestershire sauce, and pepper.

Place steaks on greased grill and cook 3 minutes, turn, cook as required. Lift on to heated platter or plates, pour sauce over and serve with fried potato balls, buttered peas, and grilled tomatoes.

SHORT RIBS A LA SAUERBRATEN

Three pounds beef short ribs (cut into serving pieces), 1 cup tomato puree, 1 cup water, 1 tablespoon sugar, 1 tablespoon horseradish, 1 bayleaf, 1 tablespoon dry mustard, 1 tablespoon vinegar, 1 teaspoon pepper, 1 teaspoon salt, 2 onions (sliced), 1 tablespoon Worcestershire sauce, flour, 3 tablespoons fat.

Place short ribs in bowl. Mix all remaining ingredients together except flour and fat, pour over ribs. Cover. Place in refrigerator and allow to marinate overnight. Remove ribs, drain, and roll in flour. Melt fat in heavy frying-pan. Brown floured ribs in hot fat, then add liquid in which the ribs soaked. Cover, cook slowly until meat is tender.

STROGANOFF

One and a half pounds fillet steak (cut in 1/2 in. strips), 1/2 cup flour, 1 teaspoon salt, 2 small onions (chopped finely), 1/2 lb. mushrooms (cut in pieces), 1 clove garlic (chopped finely), 2 tablespoons butter or oil, 2 tablespoons flour, 1 cup beef stock, 1 tablespoon Worcestershire sauce, 1 cup sour cream, rice.

Roll steak in flour and salt. Fry onions, mushrooms, and garlic in butter 5 minutes. Add steak, brown evenly, then remove meat, onions, and mushrooms from pan. Combine 2 tablespoons flour with drippings in pan. Add stock and sauce. Cook until thickened. Add sour cream, heat slowly until gravy simmers. Add beef and vegetables, heat. Serve on hot cooked rice.

BEEF CREOLE

One cup minced or chopped cooked beef, 2 tablespoons fat, 1 tablespoon chopped onion, 1/2 cup chopped celery, 1 tablespoon flour, 1 cup cooked tomatoes, 1/2 teaspoon chili powder, 1/2 teaspoon salt, 1/2 cup water, 2 cups cooked rice, spaghetti, or macaroni.

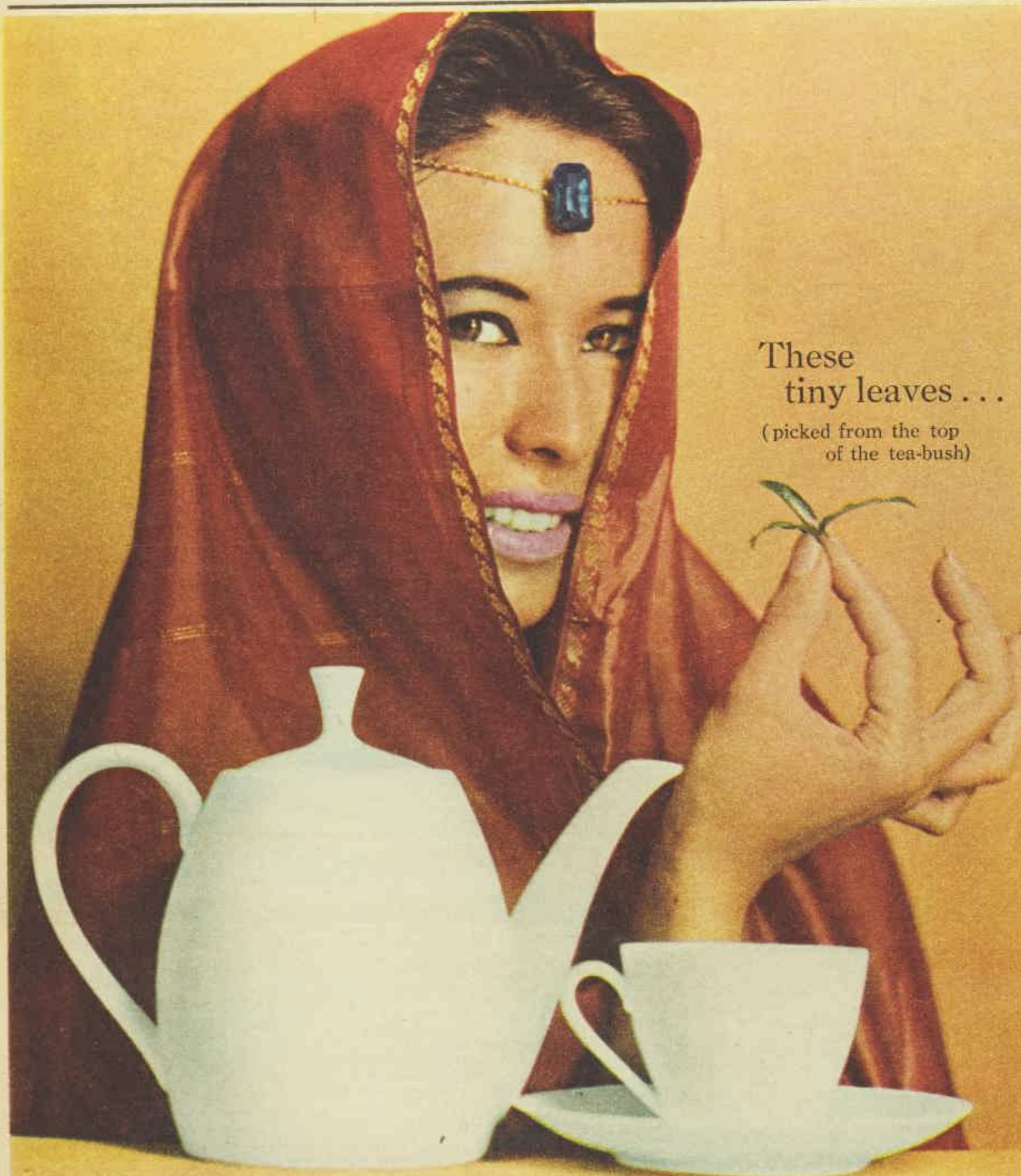
Stir and brown meat in fat in frying-pan. Add onion and celery, brown lightly. Sprinkle flour over meat and vegetables, then add tomatoes, seasonings, and water. Stir, simmer about 10 minutes to blend flavors. Taste, add extra seasonings if necessary. Serve over hot cooked rice, spaghetti, or macaroni.

SHORTHORN SLICE

Half-pound shortcrust pastry, 2 cups minced cooked beef, 1/2 cup chopped onion, 2 tablespoons fat, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon prepared mustard, 1 can cream of mushroom or celery soup, 1 cup cooked tomatoes, 1/2 cup shredded cheese.

Brown meat and onion in fat in frying-pan. Add salt, mustard, soup. Roll out pastry, fill into 9in. pie-pan, trim edges and place meat mixture on top. Cover with drained tomatoes, sprinkle with cheese. Bake in hot oven about 25 minutes. Serve hot, cut into slices.

Next week: Potatoes



These tiny leaves . . .

(picked from the top of the tea-bush)

...make Bushells, the finest-flavored tea

You can taste the difference because Bushells contains only fresh, juicy leaves picked from the very top of the tea-bush. These tiny leaves are richest in real TEA flavor. As much as seven pounds of choice, rich, young leaves are needed to make each pound of Bushells . . . The Tea of Flavor.

Have you discovered the Flavor difference?



COLLECTORS' CORNER

I HAVE a thick, white china bowl standing 16in. high and decorated in gold and deep blue. The top is grooved as though the bowl originally had a screw lid. The markings on the base are a rope type bow with W in each loop, C.O. underneath the bow and a crown above it. Above the crown is a B and the numerals 4304. Could you tell me its age, please? — Mrs. H. Hooke, Rockhampton, Qld.

Your bowl (left) is English Staffordshire and was made about 1885.

● Expert Mr. Stanley Lipscombe answers readers' questions about their antiques.

Could you give me some information about a grey coffee-pot I own? It has a pewter lid and stands 8in. high. The mark on the base is a W or M. — Mrs. I. Hicks, Gloucester, N.S.W.

Your coffee-pot (right) with a pewter lid is in English Stafford-

shire pottery and was made about 1855.

★ ★ ★
Could you tell me the age of my pair of vases? The handles are in the shape of dragons and are gold and blue. On one side, on a dark red background, is a Chinese who seems to be drawing a dagger from his belt. The other side has a sprig of flowers in pink with green leaves. — Mrs. E. Pottinger, Muswellbrook, N.S.W.

Your vases are Japanese and were made about 1890.



● Pottery coffee-pot



● Gold-and-blue china bowl



● English jug and vase

My jug is 8in. high and is decorated with a very delicate flower spray which is outlined in gold. On the base is Carlsbad 1830 and the number 838. The vase is one of a pair, 9in. high, with a brilliant overglaze. There are no markings, but one still has a small ticket glued on it with the words Ault Faience, Swadlincote, England. How old are these pieces? — Miss K. Dickens, Rockhampton, Qld.

Your pleasantly shaped jug (above) is English Staffordshire, about 1870. The markings 1830 and 838 are factory numbers. The pair of faience pottery vases (one is shown above) are also Staffordshire. They were made at Swadlincote (Burton-on-Trent), where the only recorded 19th-century pottery factory was conducted by Thomas Sharpe, who exhibited some of his work in 1851.

HOME HINTS

● These hints from readers win a prize of £1/1/- each.

★ ★ ★
FOR crisp, golden fried fish dip the pieces in seasoned ground rice before placing in the hot fat. This also prevents the fish from sticking to the pan. — Mrs. D. Bullock, 12 Bell's Road, Oakley Park, Lithgow, N.S.W.

★ ★ ★
When mending the elbow of a child's jersey, trim the hole to a neat square, pick up the stitches at the bottom, and knit a piece to fit exactly. This makes a strong and neat repair. — Mrs. M. Ferris, Hereford Hills, Calliope, Qld.

★ ★ ★
Keep all manufacturers' tickets from your new garments and place on a nail in the laundry for easy reference to washing instructions on wash-day. — Mrs. M. Solomon, 1/52 Empire Street, Haberfield, N.S.W.

★ ★ ★
To retain the new appearance of drip-dry garments, rinse them in hot water. — Mrs. M. J. Wilson, 17 Manor Road, Hornsby, N.S.W.

★ ★ ★
Keep a thick pad of blotting-paper, attached with adhesive tape, inside the dustbin lid. Soak periodically with disinfectant. This prevents unpleasant smells and keeps flies away. — L. Orr, 32 Maxwell Street, Milperra, N.S.W.

★ ★ ★
Reinforce pockets on children's clothes by sewing narrow tape on the wrong side from pocket to waistline. — Mrs. M. L. Wray, 41 Pennant Street, North Perth, W.A.

★ ★ ★
When a stew is too thin, grate a potato and add to stew. It will cook quickly and will make the gravy a nice consistency. — Mrs. K. Gourlay, 9 David Avenue, Sandy Bay, Hobart.

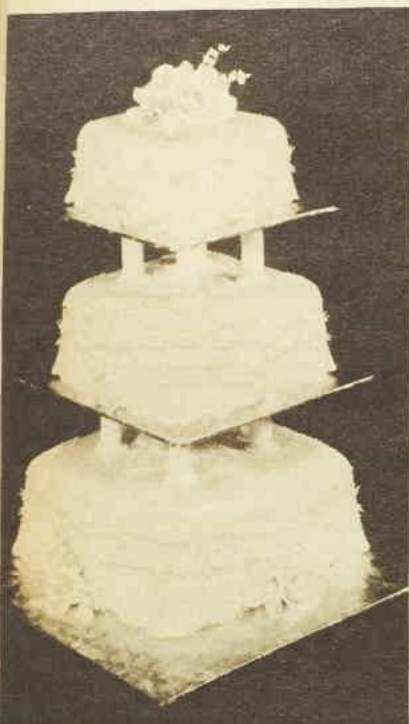
Hot 'n' Delicious

No cooking. It's dessert time in no time!

Was there ever anything so deliciously easy . . . so wonderfully mouthwatering? Piping hot ready cooked Big Sister Rolls (. . . new Coffee and Walnut . . . Spicy Fruit . . . Ginger . . . Honey Nut . . . Date . . . Chocolate!!) topped with spoonfuls of meadow-sweet, country-style Nestlé's Reduced Cream.

So tempting! So easy (specially with Big Sister's new key-open can). Serve piping hot by simmering the Big Sister can in hot water or serve cold, as a slice. Spoon on Nestlé's Reduced Cream. Ask your store for the pair. Both so easy on the budget — and there's 4-6 serves.

Cakes of the Month



PRIZEWINNING exhibit of three-tiered wedding cake was decorated by Mrs. C. Stimson, Pendle Hill, N.S.W.

● This month's special cake designs are prizewinners from Sydney's Royal Easter Show, which every year has outstanding exhibits in this section.

CAKES for all occasions — wedding, birthday, anniversary, or novelty designs—are displayed, iced to perfection. Amateur or professional cake decorators are always attracted by the artistic designs and perfect execution of the work.

The three-tiered wedding cake shown at left features bridgework, lace "tattooing," embossed piping, threaded ribbon work, beautifully moulded pale pink roses, and dainty lily of the valley sprays.

Directions for all sections of this work have been given in our previous Cake of the Month features, but because we have received so many requests for it we repeat instructions for built-out bridgework.

BRIDGEWORK

A smooth-running royal icing and a fine writing-tube are essential. For side decoration, lines are piped close to cake at top of each design, but base is built out by series of lines or scallops piped on top of each other.

Each line or scallop must be allowed to become almost dry before putting next one on top, because weight of combined built-out section, if wet, would pull it out of shape.



ANOTHER PRIZEWINNING CAKE in the novelty section was shaped like a violin with a handkerchief at the side. It was the work of Mrs. N. G. Reed, of Wentworthville, N.S.W.

Lines or loops are piped with thicker writing-tube (either 1 or 2). Actual bridge-work is done by connecting icing to top scallop, then squeezing bag so an icing line will gracefully drop, to be connected to lower loops.

The secret of even work is to adjust icing-line lengths so they are all even.

VIOLIN CAKE

Especially fine icing petit-point work is the focal point of the violin-shaped novelty cake shown above. The rose-and-violet spray is first marked on to the basic fondant and then "embroidered" with the finest piping lines to resemble tapestry. Artistry in blending

of colors, etc., for this work is important for the final effect.

Side designs are connecting thin petals in a criss-cross pattern lightened with tiny forget-me-nots and an edging of tattooing lace. Dainty edible handkerchief cut from a thinly rolled piece of smooth fondant has a corner design, also of tattooing lace.

White fondant icing was used to mould the strings and bow sections of the excellently proportioned miniature violin.

The effect of this beautiful novelty cake was enhanced by placing it on a mirror of deep blue glass which reflected the intricate and delicate work.

ARE YOUR
HANDS
STILL
PRETTY
ENOUGH
FOR HIS
RING?

New! Medicare

NOT ONLY BEAUTIFIES YOUR HANDS
BUT PROTECTS AND HEALS

New Medicare Hand Lotion gives your hands the kind of three-way protection they need. New Medicare beautifies, protects and heals. It rubs in instantly... silken, softens, whitens your hands... and unlike ordinary hand lotions, does an important undercover job, too. New Medicare protects your hands from the harsh effect of water and detergents... contains an antiseptic to heal cuts and infection... a conditioner to soothe dry or chapped skin. Give your hands the three-way protection of Medicare Hand Lotion.



Medicare
HAND LOTION



in a handy non-spillable plastic bottle

7'6

PM731-16

New cookery contest

Cash prizes awarded for canned pineapple recipes

● We announce this week a new cookery contest for readers in which cash prizes will be awarded for the best recipes featuring Queensland canned pineapple. Cash prizes total £250, and include first prize of £100 for the best recipe in the contest, second prize of £50; third prize, £20. Eight consolation prizes of £10 each are also to be awarded.

READERS are invited to enter this contest by sending in recipes in which Queensland canned pineapple is the featured ingredient. The pineapple used can be in any or all of its forms—whole slices, chunks, crushed, or pineapple juice.

Recipes entered can be for any type of meat or fish dish, hot or cold puddings and desserts, drinks, jams, and cakes. They can be recipes suitable for summer or winter meals.

Queensland canned pineapple is a familiar product enjoyed in most Australian households. It can form the basis of many delicious dishes because its fresh, tangy flavor combines well with ingredients for both sweet and savory dishes.

Its vitamin C content adds to its value as a food suitable for winter as well as summer meals.

The types of dishes specified above which are eligible in this contest allow competitors a wide range for their entries. The recipes can incorporate one or more of the varieties of canned

pineapple, including the juices, which will increase the flavor and add to the nutritive value of the dish.

For example, the three varieties of pineapple juice on the market can be combined in one dessert—such as a filling for a chiffon pie.

These three varieties are: pure pineapple juice, pineapple and orange juice combined, and pineapple and grapefruit juice combined.

In addition to the main prizes, three progress prizes will be awarded weekly and the recipes published during the four weeks of the contest. These progress prizes will consist of parcels of canned pineapple products each to the value of £5.

The first three of these progress prizes will be published in our issue of July 4.

Readers can enter as many recipes as they wish in the contest.

But please remember that Queensland canned pineapple and/or pineapple juice must be the featured ingredient in the recipes.

Other ingredients in the recipes should also be within the reach of the average household budget and should be easily obtainable.

To simplify judging, please use level spoon measurements and the eight-liquid-ounce-cup measure.

Why not enter one or more of your favorite canned pineapple recipes and try for the cash prizes?

To enter, type or write clearly your recipe or recipes, using a separate sheet of paper for each recipe. Put the ingredients in the first paragraph and the method in a second paragraph. Write sender's name and address (including State) on each sheet of paper.

Send your entries to:
PINEAPPLE CONTEST,
BOX 7052,
G.P.O.,
SYDNEY.

Judges of the contest will be our panel of cookery experts from our Leila C. Howard Kitchen, who will open and judge every entry.

The judges' decision will be final and no correspondence will be entered into.

Employees of Australian Consolidated Press and members of their families are not eligible to enter this contest.

Looking towards Double Island from Cook Highway, North Queensland.



winter
with
'Golden Circle'

it's **PINEAPPLE** PIE TIME!

TRY THIS PINEAPPLE CARAMEL PIE

* One 15 oz. can GOLDEN CIRCLE CRUSHED PINEAPPLE.
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup brown sugar, 3 dtsps cornflour, $\frac{1}{2}$ tspn salt, 1 dtspsn
 grated orange rind, 1 tbspsn butter, sweet pastry.
 Mix sugar, cornflour, salt. Blend with a little pineapple.
 Add remaining pineapple. Cook, stirring, until thick and
 clear. Remove from heat, stir in peel and butter. Cool.
 Fill in 9 in. pie crust. Decorate with a thin pastry strip in
 Catherine Wheel effect. Flute edges and bake in hot oven
 about 25 minutes.

FREE Recipe Leaflets at your store — or write to
 the C.O.D. Cannery, Northgate, Brisbane, Q.

Try the FIVE new ways to treat your family to the sunny welcome
 of Pineapple Pies. There's a snowy coconut pie (1), caramel pie (2) a
 pineapple pie piled high with meringue (3), a luscious mixed
 fruit 'n pineapple pie (4) and a crisp two-crust pie (5).

Golden Circle
 tropical
CRUSHED PINEAPPLE

THE C.O.D. CANNERY, NORTHGATE, BRISBANE, Q.

House with 3 levels

● Designed by architects Towell, Jansen, and Rippon, this contemporary house has three levels
—for sleeping, eating, and living.

PLAN No. 216 is one of the 24 houses on exhibition now at our Homes Fair, Kingsdene Estate, Carlingford, N.S.W. The Fair is a joint project organised by The Australian Women's Weekly and Lend Lease Homes.

The floor plan is attractive

and unusual—the living-room opens through casement windows to a terrace, which is screened from the rest of the house by a large flower-box.

This box extends inside the house and divides the living-room from the dining-room. The central level of the house (see floor plan) is paved with waxed concrete blocks which extend outside to form the floor of the carport.

The kitchen has been designed in "corridor" shape, and a double-bowl sink and work area has been built into the bench separating the kitchen from the dining-room. A small efficient laundry next to the kitchen opens to the back-yard.

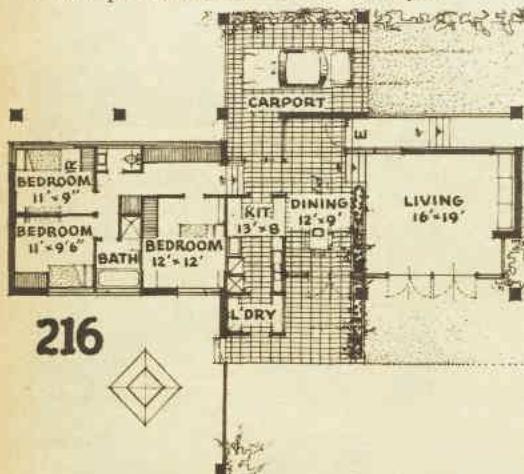
Three bedrooms with built-in wardrobes are on the lowest level and are screened off on the outside by a painted brick wall from the utility and living areas.

On the right-hand side of the stairs leading down into the bedroom wing, the architects have designed a built-in cupboard and telephone table.

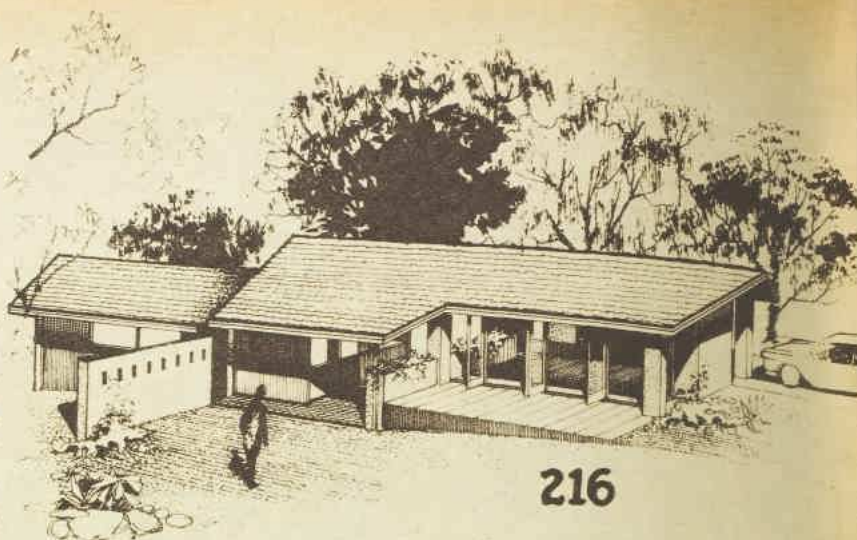
A compact bathroom with bath, shower, and handbasin is convenient to all the bedrooms and a separate toilet has its own handbasin.

Construction is of white painted brick with a pitched roof and gable overhang. All external timbers have been left their natural color and polished.

The Carlingford Homes Fair brings you 24 exhibition homes designed by leading architects. Nineteen of these homes are included in The Australian Women's Weekly Home Plan Service and are being featured in our Home Plans section each week.



FLOOR PLAN shows central level of home, paved with concrete blocks. Flower-box extends inside to form attractive room-divider.



PERSPECTIVE SKETCH shows the three levels of Plan 216, designed by Towell, Jansen, and Rippon. Roof has a gable overhang.

HOW TO USE OUR SERVICE

There are thousands of home plans by our architect-directed design service, which can be modified to suit your needs.

- Full plans and specifications from £10/10/-.
 - All normal architect's services available.
 - Alterations to suit site if wanted.
- Phone or call at your local Centre at—
Sydney: Anthony Horderns (Box 7052, G.P.O.), B0951, ext. 220.

Please make all cheques payable to "Women's Weekly Home Plans Service."

COUPON

Cut this out, fill in details, and mail in envelope addressed to our Centre in your State.

NAME

ADDRESS

STATE

- ☐ Please send complete details of the services you offer. (I enclose 2/- to cover cost of handling and postage.)
- ☐ Please send the series of booklets showing illustrated plans for 130 homes. (I enclose 15/- to cover complete cost.)



for
occasions
like
this...



keep a treat in store

You can't be caught as long as you keep Rowntree's Caramel Wafers in the cupboard. Everyone loves them, they're wonderful for any occasion — with a cup of tea at any time, watching TV, in lunches, just any time at all. CRISP, TENDER WAFER... CREAMY FILLING... LUSCIOUS CARAMEL. All you love in a biscuit, all you love in a confection, blended together into a delectable combination of crisp, tender wafer, creamy filling and luscious caramel. A mouthwatering treat — enough for everyone. Next time you shop... buy Rowntree's Caramel Wafers — it's a good idea always to keep two packets on hand.

AT YOUR GROCERS AND CONFECTIONERS 2/4

ROWNTREE'S
Caramel Wafers

Australia's finest wafers are made by Rowntree

"My man is a darling, but—"

(A MOTHER'S STORY)

● My husband is a darling, but he *does* too much around the house. In case you wonder what I've got to complain about, I'll explain what I mean.

In most households the problem of getting the "odd jobs" done is clear-cut and easily solved. Some men *cannot* do anything around the home, others will not. So a tradesman is called in and hey presto! The job is done.

But I am blessed with a husband who can do electrical repairs, painting, concreting, building, carpet-laying, and shoe repairs, just to mention a few of his abilities.

"So?" you say.

Let me take you on a tour of our house.

We shall begin at the front gates. The most beautiful pair of hand-wrought iron gates one could see, very old and very valuable, but needing a little work done on them.

Ah, yes, my husband CAN rub them down, undercoat and re-enamel them, and has done, just half of them, twelve months ago.

The high brick fence—yes, the green paint is nice, a pity the back has been only half bagged (meaning that a slurry of concrete has been spread on ready for painting).

But I guess the three years that have elapsed since went quickly.

You asked me what my husband does. He is a stonemason, and makes homes beautiful by laying castle-maine rock on patios, chimneys, etc. My patio? Oh, yes. He laid the foundation the Christmas he began the fence, three years ago.

We hope to have the stone on it by next Christmas.

Come inside. Do you like our carpet? The salesman warned to allow for stretching when laying it; perhaps my husband allowed too much, or perhaps the carpet wasn't the stretching kind.

This is our bedroom. My competent male made the suite five years ago.

Rain leaks in

What, no handles on the drawers? Oh, he hasn't got around to that yet. And, yes, it will be nice when that paint-spattered wall matches the other three.

Here is the bathroom. You don't like the color? Oh, that is the undercoat, put on four years ago.

Do you like my kitchen? My husband did the alterations himself. Is

● The writer wishes to be anonymous, as she doesn't wish to embarrass her husband — so he remains anonymous, too.

that water you can hear coming in? Why, of course, dear, it's raining.

For some reason, water runs down the inside of the windows. But these things take time, I mean so much else has been done in the two years since my husband "fixed" the frames.

Yes, that end wall is only half painted. We stopped to decide whether to use wallpaper or not. That was when young Georgie was born, he is four.

And the stove canopy he is putting in—I think he is putting it in—perhaps it is in!

Now do come and see my laundry. Isn't that a lovely shade of pink? Yes, isn't it a pity that that leaking tap fitting has stained it so, but we saved

so much when my husband put in the hot-water service himself.

Occasionally the overflow leaks into this cupboard, but it won't when he fixes the extension to outside.

Yes, I am lucky to have a washing-machine, a heater model. Oh, yes, but the heater doesn't work any more. Of course, my husband is going to fix it himself, he told me so six months ago.

"Sometime, never"

I won't show you the boys' room today, it is in an awful mess. The wardrobe door has fallen off and the baby has scattered the contents all over.

My husband says the screws he used to attach the hinges were too small, and he will have to buy bigger ones.

Now let me see, that door came off when Trevor broke his leg; yes, September last.

Of course, the room will be nice when the beds are finished and the bed lamps are attached to the holes my man drilled the day Johnny drank the spirits of salts — was that last year or the year before?

Would you like to watch television? Yes, it has got a funny picture, but I suppose it would be difficult adjusting it by checking in a mirror propped on a chair while he worked on the back of the set.

Now that my family is growing up (the eldest of six is nearly nine and the youngest is nearly eighteen months), perhaps I can get to some of these unfinished jobs.

But I really don't mind, for I love my home, my family, but most of all I love my handyman.

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YOU
HOW TO
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YOUR
CHILD...

...but only because you may not have heard of a wonderful new food supplement called Fortagen. We don't have to tell you about vitamins... you know just how important a part they play in your child's health. But we would like you to know that at last, you can buy a pure chocolate flavoured food supplement that contains EIGHT ESSENTIAL VITAMINS... A, B₁, B₂, B₆, C, D and NIACIN. Fortagen—made easily with milk as a hot or cold drink—is available right now at your Family Chemist. Try Fortagen... and you'll soon find out it's best for your children... and you too!

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CHILD PSYCHOLOGY

Lesson from bubbles

● The meaning of words like "table," "pen" is easily understood by little children, for they see the object. But it is everyday experience that teaches them to grasp the meaning of words denoting what they cannot see — words like "joy," "fear," "good," "bad," which describe an emotion or a viewpoint. This little girl, on the face of it, is blowing bubbles. But, without knowing it, she is also learning one of life's little incidental lessons.



2 TRIUMPH. She tries and tries. And finally she has a huge bubble—bigger than any she has so far seen. Thus she learns the feeling of success, even if she has not yet come across the word. It all helps her grow up.

1 DELIGHT. She has seen others blowing bubbles, and now finds that she can do it also. She will later learn words that mean "joy."



3 DESPERATION. But it's TOO BIG. What on earth can a girl do? Panic sets in. And regret. Again, her experience of life grows.

4 HAPPINESS. But it burst at last—and without any dire effects. So she settles down to a good game, with pretty bubbles that are suitable in size.



STOP!
FIBROSITIS PAINS

with amazingly effective A.R. TABS. Wonderful A.R. TABS spread right through aches, bound muscles, soothing away stiffness and pain, allowing you to move and work normally. Follow the directions carefully and A.R. TABS will positively relieve the agonies and suffering caused by Fibrositis. For Fibrositis and all joint and muscular pains get A.R. TABS—8/6 and 15/- at all Chemists.

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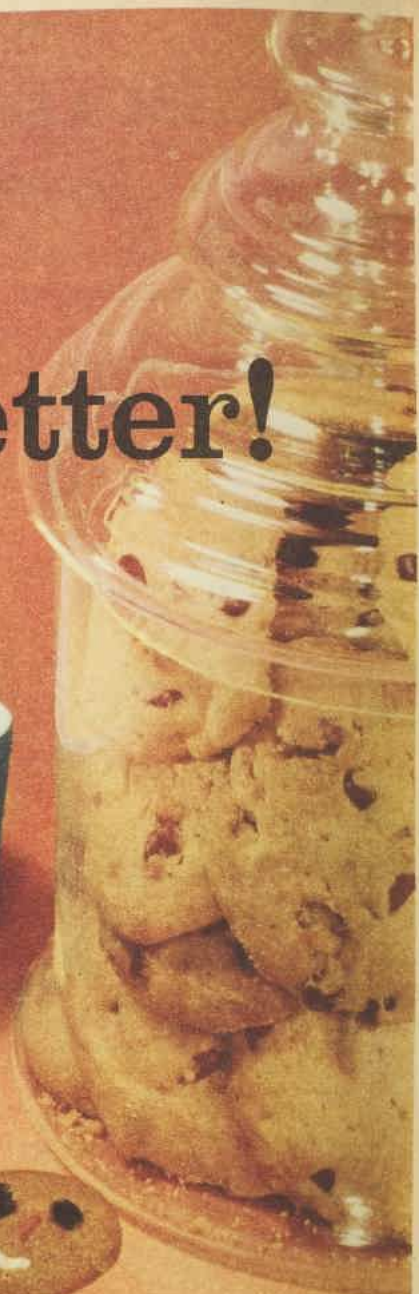
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*Whatever you bake...
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Butter makes it better!

Only butter's
natural goodness
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real home-made
taste to all
your cooking



*(try the recipes for these cookies and other
treats in the column on the right)*





The butter
adds so
much
flavour



PEANUT COOKIES

8 oz. raw peanuts, 4 oz. butter
3 oz. brown sugar, 1/2 teaspoon
vanilla, 1/2 teaspoon nutmeg
small egg, 4 oz. plain flour
1 oz. self raising flour
1 dessertspoon cornflour
Lightly pre-roast peanuts. Cream
the butter, sugar, vanilla and nut-
meg. Beat in the egg. Sift in the
two flours and cornflour. Mix in
the peanuts and spoon on to un-
greased trays in little heaps. Bake
in a moderate oven till tinted.



GINGERBREAD MEN

1/2 measuring cup golden syrup
3 oz. (3 level tablespoons) butter
5 oz. (1 1/2 cups) plain flour
1 level teaspoon cinnamon
2 level teaspoons ground ginger
1 level teaspoon soda

Heat the syrup in a small sauce-
pan till it bubbles round the
edges, then stir in the butter.
Remove from heat and add the
remaining ingredients sifted to-
gether. Chill till firm.
Roll out rather thinly and cut
into "men". Press currants firm-
ly into the dough for eyes.
Mouths can be a small piece of
cherry pressed in before baking
— or icing added after baking.
Place on ungreased oven trays.
They will not spread or lose
their shape.

Bake in a very moderate oven,
as mixtures containing syrup or
butter burn easily.

CHERRY BLOSSOM CAKES

2 tablespoons butter (2 oz.)
2 tablespoons sugar (2 oz.)
1 egg, 1/2 cup chopped glace
cherries, 4 oz. self raising
flour, 2 tablespoons milk
vanilla essence

Cream butter and sugar, and
beaten egg gradually. Add van-
illa and chopped cherries, then
the milk. Stir in flour. Place tea-
spoonful of mixture in paper
patty pans. Stand on oven slide
and bake in hot oven 400°F for 10
mins. When cool ice with butter
icing and decorate with cherries.

MAKES IT
BETTER!

AT HOME with

Margaret Sydney

● How sad it is to think that in the past people
used to court, to woo, to dally and to flirt — now all
they can do is to NECK!

WHAT a horrible verb it is — though
I suppose it's really no worse than
the verbs to spoon, to canoodle, or to pet,
which I think was the one that immedi-
ately preceded it.

What started me on this line of thought
was two newspaper stories I've read recently
about the "necking" problem in the United
States and the U.S.S.R.

The story from Russia (maybe true, maybe
not) said that special squads of teenagers
were being used to go around the streets and
the parks at night routing out teenage neck-
ing couples from dark corners, and suggesting
to the boys that they should either mend
their ways or go east (Siberia), where there's
plenty of hard, steady work for young men
with too much spare time on their hands.

The story from America (certainly true,
since it's vouched for by so many who have
lived there) was about the "adult midgets"
being produced by the habit of allowing and
even encouraging quite young children to
mimic teenage behaviour and dress.

There are special beauty salons where
eight-year-olds can get a fashionable beehive
coiffure; there are things called "training-
bras" for small girls who don't need a bra
at all but like the grown-up feeling they get
by wearing one; there's a fashion for chil-
dren's parties where the boys wear tuxedos
and the girls wear corsages of flowers (eight
and nine-year-olds!) and where the lights
are turned out after supper so that they can
"play necking and smooching games."

According to a child expert at one of the
great American Universities, "unless the girl
has a steady boy-friend she is made to feel
an old maid before she reaches adolescence.
By the time these children have reached their
teens they have pretty well covered the field
and are ready for nothing less than marriage."

Let boys enjoy boyhood (even teasing girls)

I FIND all this quite horrifying, but I
wonder just how smug we ought to be
about it.

I don't think it's happening here to one-
quarter that extent, but there is a tendency
in that direction.

Prosperous times make people extravagant
over children's parties, more with the idea
of outdoing other parents than giving the
children a wonderful time, I suppose.

But it seems so sad to try to force an
interest in the other sex on quite young
children when they're going to get a million
times more fun out of its natural blossoming
four or five years later.

The American professor summed it up
beautifully in what he had to say about the
effect of this sort of thing on boys.

"The result is that young boys are literally
seduced away from their normal lives," he
said.

"At an age when the boy should be going
through the badly needed period of competi-
tive play with other boys, and teasing girls
when he notices them at all, he finds himself
pushed into a relationship with which he
cannot cope."

"The shy boys are the 'worst'"

FASHION, there's no doubt, can be very,
very hard on children! One way and
another adults are always finding ways of

preventing them from running round and
making a noise and having a lot of fun.

It used to be back-boards, petticoats and
crinolines, Lord Fauntleroy suits, and long
hours of sitting still during sermons; now the
fashion is swinging in the other direction
toward so-called "freedom."

The net result seems to be pretty much
the same—the kids are prevented from being
themselves and from acting their age.

Incidentally, in the older age-groups,
actions apparently are easier for some than
words.

Kay was grumbling about a lad of her
acquaintance who is appallingly shy and has
no conversation at all.

"It's agony," Kay said, "because you
rack your brains to find something to say
and all he answers is either 'yes' or 'no,' and
then the whole thing dies and you have to
start racking again. And, besides, he's a
paw-er—he's one of those that always wants
the lights out."

I was amused by Kay's response when I
said I was surprised by that if he was so shy.

"Good heavens, Mum," she said, "you must
have led a sheltered life. Surely you know
the shy ones are the worst of all!"

"N" plates for newly licensed drivers?

I'M running a one-man campaign for a
change in our traffic regulations.

Twice this week I've been driven by a
niece of mine who has just got her driving
licence.

She had lessons, she drives very well indeed
for a beginner, she passed her licence test
with praise from the testing policeman—and
she is still a bit of a menace on the road in
Sydney's heavy traffic.

This is not personal criticism of her—it's
my firm belief that every recently licensed
driver is to some extent a menace; they have
neither the confidence nor the experience to
cope with all the hazards.

They can only get that confidence and
experience by driving constantly, and if only
there was some way of indicating that they
were beginners most other drivers would
bend over backwards to make things easy
for them.

In N.S.W., and I think in some other
States as well, learners must be accompanied
by a licensed driver and they must have L
plates on the car to show that they're
beginners.

No experienced driver in his right mind
takes chances with a car carrying L plates,
or is uncivil enough to hoot at the driver
of such a car when it's stalled.

But as soon as the licence test has been
passed the L plates have to be handed in and
the poor new driver is cast out into the cold,
cold world to take full responsibility for a
car on his own for the first time.

The theory behind this, of course, is that
no one is passed by the examiner until he's
capable of driving efficiently in traffic.

This is baloney. The newly licensed driver
is often pretty safe, but he's not sure, and he's
likely to snarl up traffic and sow confusion
amongst other motorists who don't know his
limitations.

I'd like to see novice drivers, as soon as
they get their licence to drive alone, issued
with N plates and made to drive with those
up for three months. This would give them
a chance to get in some solid practice while
getting a little extra consideration from the
more experienced drivers on the road.

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Use new JOHNSON'S
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for ears—hygienic,

ready to use—made
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most delicate cleans-
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Use new JOHNSON'S
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drops or ointment
safely, accurately.

For Treating Blemishes

Use new JOHNSON'S
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make-up to affected
areas hygienically.

Baby Soft—Baby Size—Baby Safe!

Made from the softest, finest
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Dan turned his head and looked at her. She had put on the same blouse and slacks she had worn the previous evening. Her hastily combed hair was wreathed in a nimbus of mist. It suddenly struck Dan that she looked different. He had never before seen her in such a light—no cosmetics, her skin pallid and scored slightly at the mouth and eyes.

It wasn't that she looked any older, but rather as if she were being tried out with some preliminary touches for an amateur role as a middle-aged woman. No one could doubt, of course, how young she was, how fresh, beneath the artifice, and therefore the incongruity was amusing.

They reached the beach and began walking toward the water's edge, where firmer sand would give them a better footing. At intervals, wire baskets tipped rakishly in the sand. A lifeboat hung suspended from a beach davit, ghostly white. The sky

Continuing . . . SUNRISE

from page 30

was completely overcast and the beach in either direction dimmed away in mist.

"Not so promising," Dan said, his words sounding precise and tiny against the drumming surf. "If those clouds over there break, though, you'll have a really dramatic sunrise."

"Is what I feel rain or mist?" Karen asked.

"A little of both, I think."

"Do you think it'll rain?"

"No more than this," Dan said.

"Does it bother you?"

"No. It's refreshing. Do you have your watch?"

"Yes," said Dan. "It's five-thirty."

What time should we be back?"

"Oh, no later than a quarter after six. Sandra is usually up by six-thirty."

"You don't fully trust Aunt Dora, do you?" Dan asked.

"I do," Karen replied. "I still think it will be a shock for her not finding us there. I'd like to avoid that."

"She'll live," Dan said. "Aunt Dora's a durable piece of goods."

"How long has she been living here?" Karen asked.

"Lord knows! Years and years. Ever since Uncle Harry died. I can only date it by the fact that I was just starting high school then. I can remember being led up to Uncle Harry's bed some days before he died. I didn't realise it, but it was a family

farewell. Grim ritual. In spite of all that pain he had the presence of mind to ask if I had begun high school."

"Poor Aunt Dora!" Karen said. "And she's been living alone all these years. There must have been money."

"Insurance," Dan said. "Some real estate. I think she still collects rent from some buildings in Philadelphia. It has always been assumed by the family that Aunt Dora was loaded and queer. Not crazy queer—funny queer. You know, crank foods and birds all over the house."

"She only has two and they're caged."

"I know," Dan said, smiling. "Family myth. She's neither loaded nor queer. But, still, you never get over an early notion. That's why I find it so strange spending a vacation in her house. It's a sort of retreat. Second line of defence."

"Who's attacking?" Karen asked.

"Fixed income," Dan said. "Two kids. Inflation."

"What would you have had?" Karen asked.

Dan looked down at the tips of his tennis shoes. "Am I alone in this?" he asked. "We are bored here, aren't we? Or is it just me?"

"Dan, we're bored at home, too, at times."

"Right! That's why being bored on our vacation is a touch too much."

"But, darling, where could we have gone with two children?"

Dan lifted both arms and waggled his hands. He knew. He knew every single variation of the argument; the places they couldn't go, the places they didn't want to go, the places that wouldn't have them.

Several years ago, when Bobby was two and Sandra unborn, they had returned to a resort in the Berkshires that had once meant a great deal to them. It had seemed simple enough: If they couldn't manage a baby-sitter, they would take turns going to the music festival. But the whole vacation was an embarrassment. Not only did neither of them get to a single concert, but also it took all their resourcefulness and energy to keep from being regarded as a pair of inconsiderate pests.

Parents who had made other provisions for their children felt—and rightly, Dan claimed—that they shouldn't have to endure the inconvenience and annoyance of someone else's child. And so the desirable places were less inviting, in a way, than the undesirable ones. The proximity of enjoyment only underlined their loss of freedom.

FROM THE BIBLE

● "If ye love Me, keep My commandments."

— John 14:15.

Nor was it solely a matter of vacations. The pattern of their lives had undergone a change, the nature of which had emerged unmistakably in this past year or two. Impulse had given way to necessity. Of course, they could still manage an occasional dinner in the city, but time was no longer the obliging medium through which talk or silence might drift toward some unexpected view.

Time was a taxi meter ticking off a baby-sitter's fee, a parking lot's charge. Their choice of friends was no longer a free choice; more and more they found themselves left only with those whose pressures and concessions matched their own.

Dan was willing to admit that there was nothing remarkable in all this. It happened to millions. But somehow numbers didn't mitigate the individual case. He felt himself engaged in a curious contest.

"We'll go as far as the rock jetty and then turn back," Dan said.

"All right," Karen agreed.

The light rain had ceased but the mist had thickened. They could see only a few hundred feet ahead. Above, the cloud cover remained unbroken, and it didn't appear at all likely that they would have a sunrise to see. The ocean was to their left, and along the margin, where waves cast the water's rejects, was an unusually large collection of shells.

They had noticed it at the beginning of their walk, but it had not seemed particularly significant. As they continued their walk, however, the area of shells widened, became more dense, until now that portion of the beach near the water was covered as with a vast, stippled carpet.

"What on earth is that?" Karen asked.

"Clams," Dan said. "Little ones. There must be millions of them."

"Are they dead?" Karen asked.

"I have no idea. Looks like it."

He picked up one of the clams and pried the shell apart. A few drops of sea water spilled out. He dropped the shells.

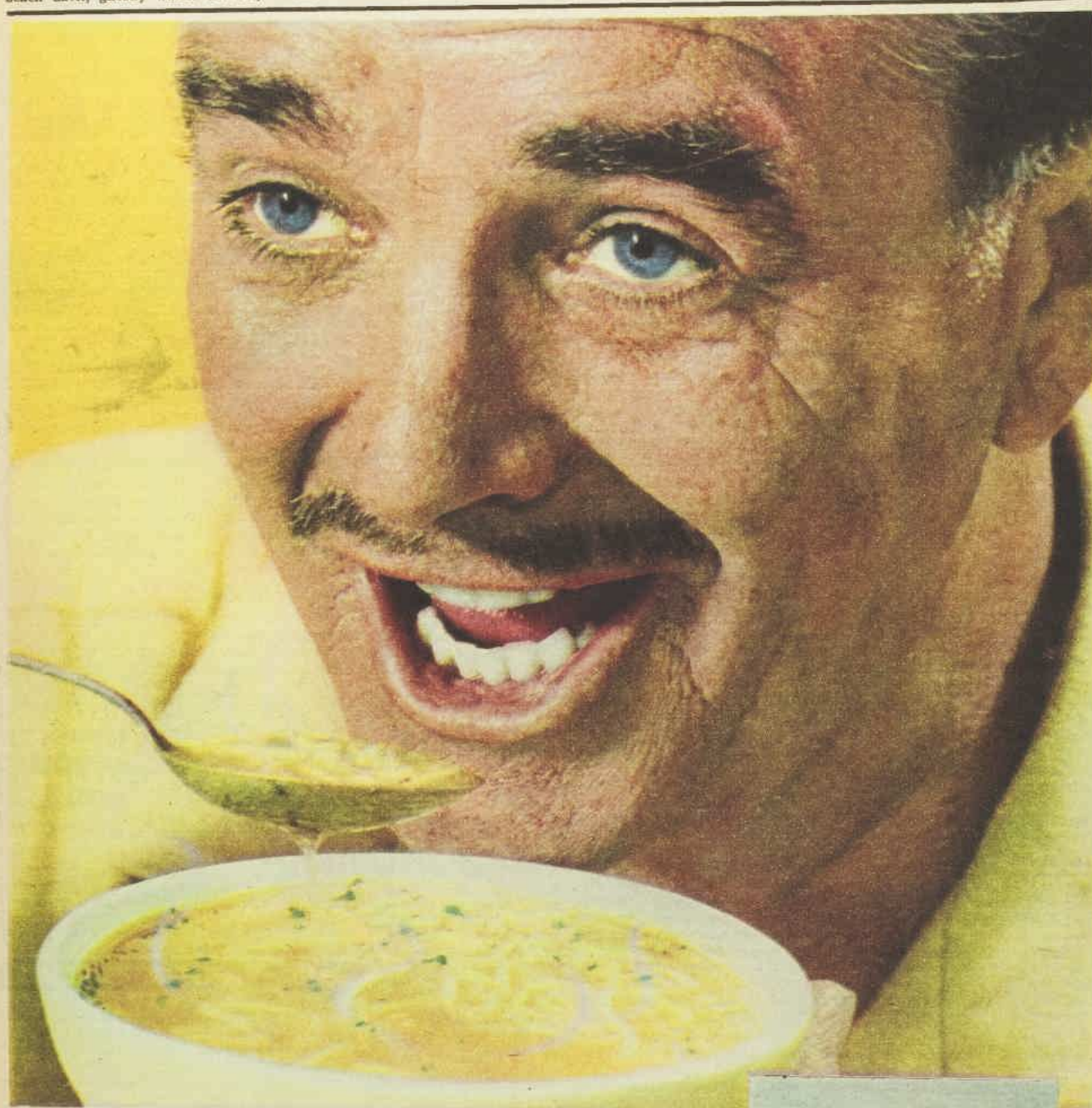
"They're dead, all right. I have never in my life seen so many of anything at one time. It just goes on and on."

They walked along the edge of the belt, and occasionally one of the clams would be crushed beneath their shoes.

"Ugh!" Karen said, grimacing. "Let's move away."

They moved back and stood looking

To page 53



Taste that Chicken in Continental soup

Every golden drop is rich with tender, delicious chicken. After all, the best soup comes from the best ingredients. So the chefs at Continental choose only prime young chicken—lots of it. (Did you know that Continental brand is the biggest buyer of chicken in Australia—just for soup!) Lots of chicken, lots of butter-soft egg noodles and tasty spices—that's the recipe for Australia's favourite soup—Continental brand Chicken Noodle. Have some tonight . . . and taste that chicken! Mmmm!

Taste the home-made goodness in Continental soup



at the long line of shells, which stretched up the beach as far as they could see. There was something uneasily compelling in the sight of so many dead organisms.

"It's biblical," Dan said. "The sea shall give up its dead." What do you suppose happened?"

"Some sort of plague," Karen suggested. "Perhaps the life chain was disturbed. Plankton."

"What plankton?"

"I don't know. Isn't plankton terribly important?"

Dan laughed. "Terribly," he said.

"What will happen to them?"

"I imagine they'll all be washed back into the sea when the tide comes in," Dan said.

They started back, Karen walking on her other side, away from the clams.

There didn't seem to be anything further to say about the phenomenon. They both shared the feeling that they had come upon it by accident, almost intrusively, and that any further comment would lack relevance or proportion.

"Do you remember the Berkshires?" Dan asked.

"Of course," Karen said.

"I keep thinking of that night ride back from Lenox," Dan mused. "Getting crooked on brandy in the car."

"It was cold that night."

"So it was. Condensation on the windshield. I had to use the wipers. How we found the lodge I'll never know."

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Continuing . . . SUNRISE

from page 52

Dan. Ordinary people take care of their children and then see how much they have left for themselves."

Dan turned to her in astonishment. For an instant he saw clearly into their separate minds. He saw the distance and direction Karen's had travelled. She had travelled far and alone, quietly assuming the burden of things as they must be. And in turn Dan suddenly felt alone. On impulse he took her arm, turning her around to face him.

"How much do we have left for ourselves?" he demanded.

"As much as ever," she said.

"Will we ever have the Berkshires again?" he asked.

"No," Karen said. "Not like that. I

wouldn't want it that way again. It would be foolish and false. We'd be acting and we'd know it, and that would spoil it. Don't you see?"

What Dan saw was Karen's face with its fine scoring around the mouth and eyes. He knew these were no longer the preliminary touches for some future role. The girl who had been with him on that drive back from Lenox was the woman who waited for him now, and he knew that he would be a fool to make her wait one moment longer.

"Hey," he said, drawing her close.

"Hey," she responded.

Her lips were damp with morning mist, but given time and the nature of things, that could be as memorable as evening stars.

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it that morning, the way I should. I would have gained a whole day. And I wouldn't have suffered the agonies I did now.

What I mean is, tucked away in my sister's letter among all the things my baby nephew and niece had said lately was this:

"Victor is coming to town on the ninth. He has your address, apparently, and said he would drop in on you in the evening. You could give him dinner, pet. There's nothing any man likes better than a really cosy, good dinner."

Well, I nearly had a fit. The ninth was next day.

Victor, of course, was the one I'd been hoping for a letter from. I'd met him at my sister's when I was there one weekend. Dark-haired and hollow-cheeked, with a kind of chiselled mouth, he made all the boys I knew look like children. He'd asked for my address in town.

If I'd been any other girl, I'd have washed my hair right away. Only when I wash my hair myself, it looks ghastly. That meant having a shampoo and set in my lunch-hour the next day.

Miss Welcome only allows three-quarters of an hour, so I wouldn't be able to do any shopping.

I would have to beg to go at five, instead of half-past, and shop then.

I got out the cook-book Father had given me once when Mother was operated on for appendicitis. I had only dipped into it a couple of times because, after that, Father ate out.

I found a recipe that said: "Take a small frying chicken and cut in quarters." It seemed to be just the thing.

I always make lightning decisions. That, I said, for the main dish. Starting with ham and Russian salad and finishing with peaches and cream. What could possibly be easier, and what more could any man want?

Well, I didn't dare go to sleep properly. I had a little cat-nap there in front of the fire, and dreamed deliriously of Victor. About 3 a.m. I started to clean the flat.

By seven o'clock everything was spick and span and beautiful. I honestly didn't know my flat could look like that. The only thing lacking was flowers.

It was a simply wonderful morning, the ninth. The hairdresser did my hair just right. I looked different. And when I came out there was a man selling flowers on the corner. I bought armfuls.

Miss Welcome couldn't have been sweeter. When I told her I had an unexpected dinner guest, she said: "All right, dear. You may go at five o'clock today. You can work late tomorrow."

By a quarter past five I'd bought the ham and the Russian salad and the peaches and cream, and the peas and mushrooms for the chicken.

But the shop didn't have one. A chicken, I mean. So I had to start off round the back of the Strand looking for a place where I remembered having seen chickens. It was a setback. The parcels and the flowers weren't so much heavy as awkward.

I wasn't exactly worried. I didn't know the time, because my watch hasn't gone since the time I forgot to take it off when I was having a bath; but I could feel it getting later. Later and darker.

It was almost pitch dark. I kept on rushing up and down in a sort of panic. I knew the place was there.

Then a light came on, and there it was—right in front of me.

I asked the man for a small chicken that could be cut into quarters.

"This one should do you nicely, miss," he said. "Fryer you want, isn't it?"

That was when the noise like African drums started up. "Well, can you beat that!" said the man excitedly.

"What?" I said. I was trying to find a place for the chicken in my shopping-bag, and the flower stems kept getting up my sleeves.

"It's hailing hailstones."

It was, too. They were as

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big as ping-pong balls. They bounced in the street. I didn't have an umbrella or a hat. "Looks like you'll need a taxi, Ducks," the fishmonger said cheerfully.

Of course, there wasn't a taxi. At a quarter to six in the city in a hailstorm! By the time I got back to the Strand the rain had started. Hailstones had hurt and snapped off the heads of half the flowers, but this was worse.

I saw myself in a plate-glass window as I waited for a bus. My hair! I could have wept on the spot.

When I got home I left

● The best things about getting old: those things you couldn't have when you were young and you no longer want.

—Earl Wilson.

pools of water and small pieces of Russian salad on each step of the two flights. When I was trying to open my door, the fourth-floor young man came upstairs; smug and dry, shaking out his umbrella.

"Can I help you?" he said, grinning as usual. "If you put everything on the floor it might be easier."

"When I want your advice, I'll ask for it," I shouted. "It's all your fault, anyway. If it hadn't been for you, I'd have done this yesterday."

He gave me a strange look. Startled. I'd managed to wipe the smile off his face that time.

"Oh," he said slowly. "Yes, naturally. I'm very sorry."

It was terribly late. The clock said twenty to seven. I didn't think Victor would come before seven, more likely on the stroke of the hour.

I flung all my wet clothes in

the gas-meter cupboard, wrapped a dressing-gown over my shivering nudity, and tied my rats' tails up in a gay silk scarf. Even if there was no dinner, at least I could look nonchalant.

The five remaining flowers went in a vase, I put the ham and salad to drain, used a tin-opener on the peaches and cream, and then started on the chicken.

Quarters! I'll bet the people who wrote that cookery book had their chicken chopped by trained chicken-choppers. It and I were on the floor six times before I'd mangled it enough to cook.

Every time I heard noise on the stairs I shook all over from head to foot. I threw everything in the pan and turned the gas on full.

My bath was hot. I began to feel a little better. I put in loads of bath salts. If Victor came, I saw myself, steamy and fragrant, wrapped in a very small towel, opening the door to him.

I wriggled warmly and damply into a girdle and stockings and a slip.

If people say you can't be too preoccupied to smell a peculiar smell, they are wrong. I was too preoccupied.

I was preoccupied about my hair. Of course, a hat in one's own home is permissible only at lunch. But, nevertheless, I would have to wear one. It was a good job Victor knew that I wasn't bald.

There was a tremendous banging on the door. All I could think was how impatient he must be to see me.

I found and put on a cock-tail hat, but my best black dress had gone and hidden itself somewhere. So I put my dressing-gown on again.

It wasn't Victor. All my neighbors from the sixth, fifth, fourth, third, first and basement were standing outside my door.

"Fire!" they were shouting.

The young man from the fourth said: "This lady is a friend of mine. It is not a fire."

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - May 30, 1962

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Page 55

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She has something burning in the kitchen." And he stepped inside and slammed the door in their faces.

We went into my kitchenette. It was full of brownish smoke. The young man turned off the gas and opened the windows. We both looked in the pan.

"What was it?" he asked. Little black lumps. Oh, it was too awful! I began to cry.

It was frightful. Everything was just too much, the rain, and my hair, and Victor's lovely dinner spoiled. Not to mention the shame of this grinning fourth-floor person being a witness to it all.

"Somebody's coming to dinner," I wailed. "A man. I mean Victor."

"That is certainly an original costume for a hostess you are wearing," he said. "Now, why don't you put on a dress and splash your face with cold water? Then we will see what can be done."

I was at such a low ebb I would have done anything anybody said. So I went. When I came back he was rummaging in my corner cupboard as though he owned the place.

"You forgot to take off your hat," he said.

"My hair is not at its best," I told him frigidly.

"Is this all you have to drink?" he asked, holding up my half-bottle of Australian port.

"I am not an habitual drinker," I said.

"Maybe not, but if you have a guest, and no dinner to speak of, something good and strong is the only answer. I'll nip upstairs and get the makings. What was in that pan, if you can tell me without being over-come?"

"Chicken . . . and mushrooms . . . and peas." A tear dropped on my best black dress, but I wiped it off.

"Well, good," he said. "They all come in tins."

In a little while he was back

with a cocktail-shaker and a briefcase.

"If your guest comes," he said, "give him a large one of these. Appear relaxed. Don't sit on the edge of your chair. Make bright small-talk. Cheer up now. I am going out to do a bit of shopping."

Quite soon I was able to leave the windows half open. I set the table and put the vase with the five flowers in the middle of it.

A knock on the door made me jump, but it wasn't Victor; it was only the fourth-floor back again.

He whispered hoarsely: "Turned up yet?"

Continuing . . . SCATTERBRAIN

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"No," I said.

"You have all the breaks," he said in his normal voice. He handed me three tins out of his briefcase. "Here," he said, "this is as far as I go. I'm no cook. But I think plenty of seasoning and a low flame. All right now?"

"Yes," I said. "Thank you very much, Mr. Er . . ."

"Albert," he said, and he grinned. "Just Albert will do."

I would have died rather than say it. "Thank you again," I exclaimed firmly, and shut the door.



Dinner was ready at eight o'clock. I found soft music on the radio, and poured myself a small drink. It was quite nice, but very strong. I didn't dare drink more than half of it, and in very small sips.

I thought of opening the door to Victor's dark, interesting, brooding presence, his warm, intimate look, his slow, fascinating smile.

It was the clock ticking that interrupted my pleasant reverie. I'd never noticed before how quiet it could be in the house. Not a step could be heard on the stairs, not a sound from the street.

I turned off the radio and went to have a look out. Down in the street there wasn't a soul. It was still raining a bit. Sometimes trains were made late by storms, of course.

The chicken had got cold since I'd turned off the gas. I put it on a low flame again. The flowers looked much better two and two and one in the middle.

When I saw my empty glass I got quite a shock. I didn't remember drinking the other half of that drink. Honestly.

I looked at the clock. Well, not exactly looked, but squinted sideways. Even that way I couldn't make it any less than twenty to nine.

Then I heard the steps.

I thought maybe if I counted very slowly to ten, whoever was outside would change into Victor. He didn't.

"Oh, hello," I said. "It's you, is it?"

"Nobody turns up?"

"No," I said.

"I've been all ears. We don't usually get so much excitement here."

"As a matter of fact," he said, "I left myself without anything to drink. No soothing

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Just thinking about your next attack creates nervous tension. It is this fearful anticipation which saps resistance when pain comes—increases suffering—even brings pain on sooner. But knowing you can reach for comforting 'CODRAL' eases your mind, relaxes tension. You know that 'CODRAL's' action is swift, strong, lasting and . . . so perfectly safe. Two tablets with water or a cup of tea will speedily relieve the severest pain of headache, migraine, neuralgia, menstrual pain, toothache, abscess, backache, all other nervous or muscular pain, and the symptoms of cold or flu. (Your doctor and your chemist will confirm it.) Is 'CODRAL' close at hand this very moment?

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ANCHOVY — MOCK CRAB SAVOURY

Mix two teaspoons of Holbrooks Anchovy Sauce with a hard-boiled egg which has been broken with a fork. Take some cold, cooked green peas and mash with a little butter—spread on savoury biscuits. Heap the mock crab mixture on top.

SOY — CHICKEN OR RABBIT MARINADE

Mix together ½ cup Holbrooks Soy Sauce, one small chopped onion, 1 teaspoon of sugar and ½ cup of sherry (optional). Stand rabbit or chicken in mixture for 1 hour, then drain and fry in normal manner; or grill, basting with mixture.



Sweet idea for mustard-lovers — Mustard Sauce Slaw for barbecues, grills

All you need is: 8 cups of shredded cabbage, ¼ cup chopped chives (optional), 1 tablespoon of chopped onion, ¾ cup of Holbrooks Mustard Sauce. Simply place all the ingredients in a large saucepan. Cover, and cook for approximately 10 to 15 minutes, until cabbage is tender. Serve piping hot!



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Mix 2 cups finely shredded cabbage, 1 tablespoon chopped capsicum and ¾ cup grated cheese with ½ cup Holbrooks Sweet Mustard Pickles, 1 tablespoon condensed milk, dash Holbrooks Worcestershire Sauce, salt and pepper. Add salad to 2 frankfurtholes in roll, wrap in foil, and bake over fire (or in oven) about 10 minutes.



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syrup. Maybe you could give me one?"

"Oh, help yourself, please. After all, it's yours."

He came in and drank his drink. There was a silence.

"A bit late for anybody to turn up now, don't you think?" he said at last.

"Yes," I said, "I suppose it is."

After all, the stuff in the pan was his, too. I'd forgotten to ask what I owed him. And he would have to wait till next pay-day. I was flat broke, after all that shopping.

"Would you like some dinner?" I asked.

"Out of tins!" he said. "God forbid! Do you like steak?"

"I beg your pardon?"

"Steak. Nice and brown outside, and all pink and juicy when you cut it. There's a restaurant down the road that does it very well."

"I don't really feel hungry. Or like going out, thank you all the same."

"Now, don't be silly. Why should you sit here and brood, just because you had a guest without enough manners to let you know he couldn't make it?"

I was a bit cross with Victor. "Well, all right," I said, but very ungraciously.

"Do you think you could stretch another point and take that hat off?"

"My hair is a mess."

"I have seen your hair lots of mornings at eight twenty-seven and a half, so don't worry. I like your hair. Annabel, to be strictly truthful, it's so floppy and straight—only when you have it curled do you look like a goliwog."

"You are being rather rude," I told him. "And how do you know that my name is Annabel?"

"It is in a little slot downstairs. Miss Annabel Potts. Reading is one of my minor accomplishments."

It was a wonderful steak. One

day I have lunch, spaghetti or shepherd's pie; the other, I take sandwiches. I told him this.

"Cocoa and cheese or a boiled egg for supper?" he asked me.

"Yes. But how do you know that?"

"I've been through it all myself. When I was studying."

"And what did you study to be?"

"A civil engineer."

"I thought they moved round a lot," I said hopefully. The steak was luscious, but that grin was engraved on my soul.

"Oh, they do. But I'm not moving round just yet." And he grinned.

"Why do you grin like that?" I said through my teeth.

"What's so funny about me?"

"Are you angry?" He sounded quite taken aback.

"But don't be. It's a grin of sheer pleasure. I do so like scatterbrained girls."

"I'm afraid I don't understand you," I said in the most dignified way I knew.

"Well, if I said I liked girls, you'd think I was a wolf, wouldn't you?"

"I certainly should."

"And if I said I liked one particular girl to distraction, I'll bet it would make you as nervous as a kitten."

"You're just talking in riddles," I said scornfully.

"So," he said, still grinning, "I just say I like scatterbrained girls. That's safer."

Have some more wine. Your glass is empty again. You're doing quite well for a non-drinker."

"I seem to have got used to it," I said. "And it makes me less melancholy."

"The one who didn't come to dinner? Is that what's making you melancholy?"

"It was," I said. "I am less melancholy now, thank you."

Continuing . . . SCATTERBRAIN

from page 56

After all that steak and wine, not to mention the tins and the drinks, well, one couldn't be less than civil, could one?

"You know something, Annabel?" he said.

"What?" I asked warily.

"All that dinner business, and wearing yourself out, is absolute nonsense. You should never put yourself out for a man. He should take you to dinner. And not the first time he asks, either. A little standoffishness is the thing."

I pointed out that this dinner we were eating was the first time of asking.

"Oh, this is a very different sort of thing," he said airily.

WHEN I got to the office next day, can you imagine? Victor had rung me up the evening before at five-fifteen! To say he hadn't been able to make it that day, but was arriving on the tenth. And he'd left a message to say that he would be ringing me on the evening of the tenth at precisely the same time.

I made lots of mistakes. Miss Welcome was very cool with me. When the phone finally rang I knocked over my stool, rushing to answer it.

Victor said: "Hello there, Annabel!" and waited. Well, I had to work late, and couldn't shop. I couldn't have asked a dog to dinner. So I waited, too.

So he said: "Are you doing anything tonight? Perhaps we could go out somewhere?"

Wasn't it funny? It worked! I was astonished. So astonished, in fact, that I couldn't do anything except breathe rather heavily.

"Well, are you doing any-

thing, Annabel, my sweet?" he said, with a sort of smile in his voice.

Well, I was, in a way. I already had a dinner invitation. I mean, how could I have known Victor was going to ring? I was tempted to call it off, but remembered the standoffishness.

"I have a date, I'm afraid," I said. "I'm terribly sorry. But why don't you call me next time you're in town?"

"I certainly will," he said. "I will, indeed."

So it worked again. It was absolutely true; only a man can know how men will react.

The only trouble is these dreams I keep having. I mean, now it's about three weeks later. Victor hasn't been back, but I'm sure he'll call me when he is. I've been out quite a lot with Al. (I simply had to call him something, and I couldn't breathe that awful name.)

We usually eat steak. Perhaps that's the reason I dream so much.

The dream is always the same. I am in a trap. The trap is baited with, of all things, raw meat! And all round this trap, which is like a kind of cage, things like moons are hanging. Horizontal, turned up at the ends; like a lot of silly smiles.

Of course, the dream is absurd. What trap could I be in? I'm not getting neurotic or anything. And I'm doing very well as a career girl. I am now Miss Welcome's second-best typist. There are seven of us.

The one called Sylvia, awfully pretty and clever, left to get married to a frightfully ordinary, unromantic young man who'd been pestering her for months.

(Copyright)

My skiing's fine, so why has Sam faded right out?



I DIDN'T THINK I NEEDED AN INSTRUCTOR IN ROMANCE, BUT IF YOU KNOW WHERE I WENT WRONG WITH SAM, PLEASE TELL ME.

SAM THINKS YOUR SKIING IS TERRIFIC, SUE, BUT I'D SEE YOUR DENTIST ABOUT BAD BREATH IF YOU WANT YOUR ROMANCE BACK.



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Continuing . . .

THE COUNTRY OF MARRIAGE

from page 25

"He doesn't seem to be getting much out of the visit of Grandpa and Grandma, does he?"

Belle was saved from answering the question by the arrival of Aileen. "Let's go shopping. Dad has to go out on business with some Frenchman."

It was dinnertime before they returned to the hotel. Sarah and John went down with their grandfather to have soft drinks, while he passed an Australian opinion on French beer. Belle and Aileen lay down on the twin beds in Belle's room. Adam would have rejected this room, Belle thought; he would have insisted on a double bed.

"I was looking at you today," Aileen said. "You've kept your figure. That cocktail suit looked wonderful on you."

"I shouldn't have let you buy it for me. It was much too expensive for the wear I'll get out of it. I don't go to that many cocktail parties."

"You will when you get home to Sydney. You'll find you're like I am—you have to go to them, because of business. In any case, Belle, I liked spending money on all of you today. You know how it was when you were growing up—even though Dad was making a comfortable living, I couldn't bring myself to be extravagant, not even just occasionally. Even now I can't bring myself to go out and throw money away

on myself. I don't know; I suppose I must have a better memory of the depression than most people."

"That was thirty years ago, Mum."

"I know. But some things stick. Still, if I can spend it on you and the children—"

She turned her head on the pillow and looked at Belle. "Today is the nicest day I've had in years, Belle."

BELLE wanted to get up and kiss her mother, but a ridiculous fear of embarrassing both of them held her back. So all she could do was smile her love for her mother.

"I don't really know how to spend money, that's the truth. There are a lot of women like me in Australia. And not only Australia, I suppose. Ones whose husbands have made a lot of money quickly, starting from practically nowhere. We are still in the kitchen in our minds, I suppose. I never had any education; you know that. I went to a domestic-science school, learned how to cook and how to be a good housewife. Now I could employ six or seven servants—if you could find them in Australia."

"Do you have anyone coming in?"

"No. Dad is always going

off at me, saying the house is too big for me. You haven't seen our new house. He's right; it probably is too big for me. But I wouldn't know what to do with myself if I didn't have it to look after. I don't know—sometimes I long for the old days. I knew where I was then."

"That's why I'd like you to come home, Belle. To help me get some meaning back into my life. I try to talk to Paul and Jack's wives, but I can't. I want someone to talk to!"

"Would it mean that much to you, Mum? I mean for me to come home?"

"It would, Belle. Not just for myself. But for Dad, too, although he hasn't said anything. I can't talk to him now, Belle; we just aren't interested in the same things any more. But if you and the children were home—well, I could talk to him about you and I think he'd listen. He's always telling me to enjoy myself, and I think he wants me to. There's just nothing to enjoy."

Belle got up and went to the window. "It's up to Adam to decide, not me."

"But he'll do what he thinks is best for you and the children, won't he?"

"I don't know," Belle turned and faced her mother. "Is Dad doing what he thinks is best for you?"

Aileen after a moment shook her head. "I know what you mean. You can be married for years, can't you, and there's still something you'll never understand about each other. Your father will never understand that all I ever wanted was him and you and your brothers. I think he's peeved sometimes because I'm not more pleased about how successful he's become. I'm pleased, but not that much." She looked up. "I hope Adam understands you more than Dad understands me."

"I used to think we fully understood each other," Belle said. "But now I'm not so sure."

FOR the rest of the week in Paris Belle and the children had a wonderful time. Aileen spent money on them as she had never spent money before; she added her signature to travellers' cheques as if she were signing "Thank you" notes.

Belle tried to protest, but it was useless; Aileen just enlisted the support of the children, who were less scrupulous about taking gifts from someone who got such obvious pleasure from the giving. Belle found herself the possessor of two more dresses besides the cocktail suit, a cashmere twin set, and matching crocodile handbag and shoes; the last was something she had always wanted, and at the Harveys' cocktail party at Brown's she had secretly envied Gaby her shoes and handbag. Sarah and John did almost as well, and gifts were also bought for Matt and Adam.

"What would Adam like?" Aileen had asked, enjoying her role of Lady Bountiful. Matthew couldn't say now that she wasn't enjoying their money.

Notice to Contributors

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Short stories should be from 2000 to 4000 words; short stories, 1100 to 1400 words; articles up to 1500 words. Enclose stamps to cover return postage of manuscript in case of rejection.

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51-62

The Australian Women's Weekly—May 30, 1962

"Something he couldn't afford to buy himself."

Belle hesitated, then decided to plunge. "He once said if he won the pools, he'd buy himself a silk dressing gown."

"Some people are easily pleased," said Sarah, who could think of a million things that were her idea of luxury.

They were to return to London on Sunday. On Saturday morning Jack Brewster rang. Aileen was in Belle's room and it was she who picked up the phone. She talked to him for a minute or two, then hung up.

"That was Jack Brewster. He wants you and Dad and me to go out for dinner with him tonight."

"No," Belle said quickly. "You and Dad go—"

"I said we'd all go. Don't be silly, Belle. What harm is there in it? I don't think I'd like the idea of you going out alone with Jack. Dad and I were going to take you out, anyway. Now you've got a partner."

"But what about Sarah and John?"

"They'll be all right. They can have dinner here in the room, they'll love that, and we'll load them up with comics and magazines—" It was a long time since Aileen had had the opportunity to organise other people's enjoyment; not since the parties of Belle's girlhood. "You can wear your new cocktail suit and I'll wear that suit I got from Ricci. Jack wants us to go to the Lido—"

Belle smiled, capitulating. She didn't want to go to the Lido or anywhere else with Jack Brewster; but as her mother had said, there was no harm in it. And after this week in Paris she owed it to her mother to do whatever her mother wanted. And Aileen quite obviously wanted to go to the Lido. Back home in Coogee before the war Saturday night had always been her big night of the week; and here in Paris she wanted it to be the same. There was another thing, too, Belle thought: her mother had asked her to come home to Sydney. She wasn't sure yet that she would be able to do what her mother had asked. The least she could do was to make her mother's Saturday night in Paris a big night.

On the Saturday night Belle dressed herself in her new cocktail suit and hung herself with some costume jewellery Aileen had bought for her that morning. "You look absolutely fab, Mummy!" Sarah exclaimed.

"You're not too bad at all," conceded John. "I mean, considering how old you are."

"You're getting to be more English every day," said Belle, swiping a hand at him. "Always understate everything, even your compliments."

"Well, you're tres jolie," said John. "How about that?"

"An improvement," Sarah said. "But I bet Daddy would have said it better. It's a pity he can't see you now, Mummy. I mean, the first time you're wearing that suit."

That's right, Belle thought. Remind me of my unfaithfulness, no matter how innocent it may be. She had wondered how she was going to tell the children she was going out with Jack Brewster; but Aileen had solved the problem by saying that Grandpa wanted to discuss business with Mr. Brewster and the women had been asked along to fill up the table. Aileen had her moments of diplomacy; being suburban didn't mean she wasn't shrewd. But Sarah is right, Belle thought. I wish I were wearing the suit for Adam instead of Jack Brewster.

Brewster was waiting for Belle and her parents downstairs.

He was wearing a pale blue dinner jacket and with his tanned face and crew-cut he looked

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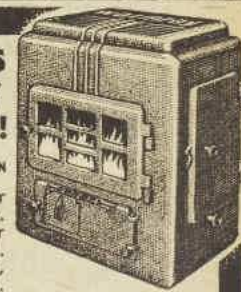


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Ingredients: 1 cup macaroni; medium-size onion, chopped; 2 pints boiling salted water; $\frac{1}{2}$ cup soft breadcrumbs; 3 oz. butter (3 tablespoons); 2 tablespoons flour; $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt; pinch cayenne pepper; $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups milk; 8 oz. Kraft Cheddar Cheese, shredded.

Method: Cook macaroni and onion in two pints of boiling salted water until tender. Drain and rinse. Keep hot.

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Heat remaining butter in a saucepan. Stir in flour. Let cook for a few minutes. Gradually add milk, stirring constantly. Add salt, cayenne, and the shredded Kraft Cheddar Cheese. Continue cooking over a low heat until the cheese melts and the sauce is smooth.

Mix in the macaroni lightly, then pour into a greased casserole. Sprinkle top with the buttered breadcrumbs. Bake in a moderately hot oven, 375° F. gas, 400° F. elect., for 25-30 minutes. 4-5 servings.

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FROM THE

KRAFT

KITCHEN

KR217

almost like an American college boy; perhaps a little old for the role, but he could have been a sports star who was a little backward in his grades.

"We're going to the Lido. I've got a car waiting for us." Brewster at once took over the evening. Belle had to admit he was an improvement on Adam, who was the sort of host who left his guests to make up their own minds what they wanted to do. If it hadn't been for her self, many of the Nashes' evenings would have developed into a fiasco. "Belle, you look great! And you, too, Aileen. I'm all for Aussie girls, aren't you, Matt?"

Matthew looked at his wife and daughter as if seeing them for the first time that evening. "I think you're right, Jack. My word, you are."

Aileen looked at Belle. "That's the first compliment he's passed me in years. Even then I had to get it in a roundabout way." The week in Paris seemed to have given her a new strength; the most feminine of cities, it made a woman aware of herself. She had moved out from under Matthew's shadow; it remained to be seen whether back in Sydney she could stay out from under it. She looked up at Brewster and said, "One thing, Jack, about tonight. The Aussie girls are not going to listen to any business talk. That goes for both of them, doesn't it, Belle?"

"Too right," said Belle, trying to sound like an Aussie girl, trying to sound as if she were backing up her mother. "No business talk at all."

Matthew got the message and smiled indulgently; he was not aboriginal enough to read smoke signals, but Aileen didn't have to draw pictures for him. "That's not aimed at you, Jack. I'm the one they're shooting at."

"Righto," said Brewster. "I've been talking business all

the week, so I'm as glad as you to get away from it."

He ushered them out of the hotel, casting a quick glance around at the women in the lobby, hoping smugly that they were piqued at his taking out a woman who was better looking than themselves. His relationship with women still had an air of teenage fencing about it.

He fenced with Belle while he was dancing with her at the Lido. "I've been having a great time while I've been in London. I've got to know Sir Hugo very well. You know, your husband's stepmother's boy-friend."

Belle missed the rhythm of the band while she worked that one out; she hesitated in her step and trod on his toes. "Oh, sorry. Oh yes, Sir Hugo."

"He's introduced me around. He's very social, did you know that?"

Heavens, Belle thought, has he become a snob? Adam often made gentle digs about this happening: Australians, the self-proclaimed democrats of the world, coming to England and being impressed by even the most common titles and the lower strata of society with a capital S.

"He's introduced me to Lady Sheelagh Casey. Do you know her?"

Oh, we're old friends. Many's the time we've swapped stories in the launderette—"No, Jack, I'm afraid we've never met," she said innocently.

"She's very old family. Northern Ireland. She rides a lot. You know, hunting. They've got no money, but what aristocrats have these days? All their daughters are looking around for blokes with money."

Continuing . . . THE COUNTRY OF MARRIAGE

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"Hunting, you mean?" He grinned and nodded. "Is Lady Sheelagh hunting for you?"

"I shouldn't be surprised," he said, stating the truth as he saw it; he saw no point in lying just to be modest. "How would it be, eh, if I married into

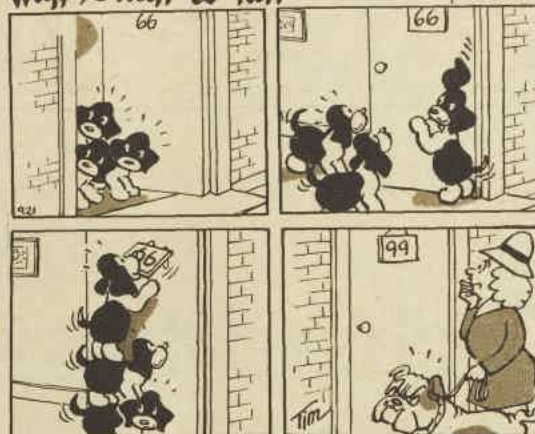
"Please, Jack. Don't start talking like that."

"I thought you'd like to know I'm still keen on you. Don't women like to be flattered like that, knowing their old boy-friend is still carrying a torch for them?"

"Not this woman. I'm sorry, Jack. If this is why you asked me out—"

FOR THE CHILDREN

Wuff, Snuff & Tuff



nobility, the boy from Coogee Surf Club? That would make headlines in the local rag back home."

"It might even make headlines in the papers in London. Good luck with Lady Sheelagh, Jack. I hope she's a successful hunter."

"There isn't a chance of it happening, Belle. I gave up the idea of marriage when you turned me down."

"No, no, don't get excited. I'll shut up for the rest of the night about that." He danced in silence for a while, looking about the room, stiff-faced with wounded dignity.

He took her back to their table before the music finished. Matthew and Aileen were still out on the floor enjoying each other's company as they hadn't enjoyed it for a long time. Brewster sat down, took his

handkerchief from his pocket, and dusted off his black suede shoes.

"I'm sorry about that," Belle said, trying to soften the atmosphere before her mother and father returned to the table. "When did you start wearing suede shoes, Jack? I can remember during the war you used to think they were sissy."

"We all grow up," he said, still stiff.

"That's the truth," she said.

She looked about the room, at the French who were still in a war. Across from them a man and a blond girl were engaged in fierce argument. Was he a boy back from Algeria, come back to be told by his fiancée that she had met another man? Then the boy sat back in his seat, as if too tired to argue any more. He turned round, and Belle saw that it was Bobby Denham. Without thinking, she nodded at Denham and he nodded back, his eyebrows going up in surprise. He hesitated a moment, said something to the blonde, then came across.

"Mrs. Nash, isn't it?" Belle introduced him to Brewster, and he seemed to look at the latter with insolent amusement. He looked about the room, then back at Belle. "Your husband here?"

"No," said Belle, wondering why she had bothered to nod to Denham. She was too friendly, that was her trouble.

"Neither is my wife," Denham said, smirking at both Belle and Brewster. "She would take a very jaundiced view if she could see whom I'm with." He looked at Belle. "How about your husband? Does he take a jaundiced view?"

Belle heard Brewster's chair scrape back. "Sit down, Jack.

Mr. Denham is not worth bowling over. Go back to your girl-friend, Mr. Denham. I've never met your wife, so you don't have to worry that I'll do any tale carrying."

Denham turned and went back to his own table and the blonde.

"Who is he?" Brewster asked belligerently. "He's a bore," Belle said, wondering why she had ever thought the reports of the antics of Denham and his crowd were interesting. "Perhaps we should thank him. At least he has broken up the ice that was starting to form over our night out."

Brewster relaxed back in his chair, suddenly grinning. "You're all right, Belle. Even when we were young, you knew how to put a good face on anything that went wrong."

"I hope I never lose the knack," she said, thinking of Adam. She would have to choose her time and place to tell him she had been out with Brewster. In bed, she thought: in the capital city of the country of marriage. I wish I were there right now. No matter what time it is, I'll phone him when I get back to the hotel and tell him I love him.

"What are you thinking about?" Brewster said.

"Nothing."

Brewster grinned, his bad mood entirely gone now. "Every time I ask a woman that question, I get the same answer. Serves me right for asking."

"One day maybe you'll get the answer you're looking for," Belle said, all at once feeling sorry for him. Perhaps it would be a good idea if Lady Sheelagh did marry him. "What you want us to say is that we were thinking of you, isn't that it? Most men do."

Then Aileen and Matthew came back to the table, both

To page 62



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Continuing . . . THE COUNTRY OF MARRIAGE

flushed, both feeling the effects of almost twenty minutes on the floor. "Oh, I haven't danced so much since Matt was a law student."

"You think you're in good condition till you do two sambas in succession."

Matthew looked happier and more relaxed than at any time since Belle had had her reunion with him. She put her hand on his and squeezed it, the first spontaneous expression of affection she had shown toward him since she had been a small girl. He looked at her, smiling at her, blinking at her with an old man's eyes. "What have you two been talking about?"

Brewster glanced over his shoulder at Denham, then looked back at the

Harveys. Belle was surprised at the blandness of his face; she had never suspected him of being an actor. "Belle has been telling me about Adam and the kids."

Belle looked at him gratefully. He wasn't such a bad sort after all, even if she knew she would have been desperately unhappy married to him.

"Well, I'm sorry our week is up tomorrow," Aileen said. "Although I suppose Belle will be glad to get back to Adam. When are you going back to London, Jack?"

"Not for another week. I'm going to Milan Monday morning to do some business for Sir Hugo. We're looking into something there." Then he looked quickly at Belle and his face seemed to tighten. There was

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a moment of silence, then he relaxed. "Sorry. I promised no talk of business."

"My fault for asking the question," Aileen said. "But that's the end of it now."

But Belle, sitting sipping her champagne, wondered why Brewster had looked at her so sharply when he had mentioned Sir Hugo and Milan. It sounded as if he had made a slip of the tongue, one that she didn't understand.

When she told Adam about going out with Brewster, she would ask him what connection Brewster had with Sir Hugo.

"We need more champagne!" Mat-

thew suddenly cried, finding an ember of his youth still glowing. "I feel like making this an all-night party!"

Belle was surprised at how quickly her call to Chalfont St. Aidan came through. Once a year she would call her mother and father back home in Sydney, but it was never a spur-of-the-moment call as this one was. She had got up from the table, saying she was going to the ladies' room, come out and booked the call and had been connected immediately.

"Adam?"

"No. It's Matt. Is that you, Mum?"

"Gosh, you sound close."

"So do you. So does that din in the background."

She heard Matt turn away from the phone and yell something; the music's volume was diminished almost imperceptibly. "I'm having a party. Dad said it was okay." There was a pause for a moment. "Dad's out. Mum."

"Oh." Behind her she could hear the music of the band in the nightclub.

"What's that music, Mum? Is it the radio?"

"No," she said, and felt guilty, for some reason she couldn't name. "I'm at a nightclub with Grandma and Grandpa."

"Is Grandpa dancing with both of you?"

"Yes. Did Dad say where he was going?"

"No, Mum. I think he's out with Uncle Derek."

She looked at her watch; almost midnight. "Well, tell him I rang." She tried to joke, but she knew she was piqued. Without being selfish, it had never occurred to her that perhaps Adam would go out alone while she was away. "Tell him that when his wife phones, she expects him to be sitting by the phone waiting."

Matt laughed, but even his laugh sounded forced. "I'll tell him, Mum. Are you having a good time?"

"Lovely. You sound as if you are, too. Don't wreck the house."

She hung up and went slowly back to join Brewster and her parents. She knew she was being selfish and unreasonable, but it had piqued her to find that Adam was not at home. She had counted on surprising him with her call, knowing how surprised and delighted she would have been herself if he had done the same thing. But she had not surprised him; he had surprised her, and in a way that didn't delight her.

BELLE had been full of love for him a few minutes ago, so full of love that she had had to go to the phone then instead of waiting till she had got back to the hotel; then he had disappointed—no, he had annoyed her by not being there to hear her say how much she was missing him. She saw Bobby Denham dance past with the blonde in his arms, and she wondered if his wife was waiting on a phone call from him. It looked as if she, too, was going to be disappointed.

When she got back to the table, her mother was gathering up her bag and wrap. "Dad and I are going home. Belle. Dad's not feeling well."

Belle looked quickly at her father. He grinned at her, but the grin looked like a grimace on his grey drawn face. "I've been kidding myself, Belle. I'm no as young as I used to be."

Belle looked at Brewster. "I'd better go, too, Jack."

"Do you have to?" Brewster said upset for Matthew's sake, but upset also because the night was breaking up so soon. "I think Matt is all right. I mean, you're just tired, aren't you, Matt? You're not sick?"

"Of course not," Matthew tried to straighten up, but he couldn't take the greyiness from his face; tonight his years were stronger than his pride. "No, let's face it, I'm getting on, that's all. No, you stay, Belle. Just because I'm feeling my age, you don't all have to throw in your chips."

"I'm tired, too," Aileen said, but Belle knew she wasn't telling the truth. "Stay and have a good time, Belle. It's your last night in Paris. Jack will look after you."

Belle hesitated, but her mother and father were already saying good night. She was wide awake, not in the least sleepy, and she knew that if she went back to the hotel she would lie awake wondering if she should call Adam again. Abruptly, almost ungraciously, she said, "I'll stay with Jack."

Brewster glanced at her as if he had caught the lack of enthusiasm in her voice, but he said nothing. Instead he helped Aileen on with her wrap. "I shan't keep her out late, Aileen. Remember when I always had to have her home by a certain time?"

"That was a long time ago," said Aileen, and looked at Belle; there was a momentary doubt in her glance, as if she wondered now if she had done the right thing in leaving her daughter alone with an ex-fiance. "I'm sure she can look after herself nowadays. Come on, Matt. Perhaps we should have come to Paris years ago."

Matthew sighed. "That's the trouble with making your money late in life. You don't know how lucky you are, Jack. You're still young enough to get the most out of it."

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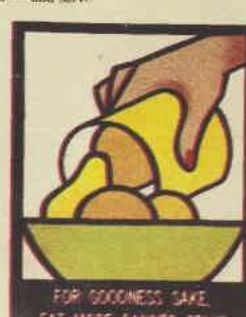
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Continuing . . . THE COUNTRY OF MARRIAGE

from page 62

"Yes," said Brewster. "Not everyone has my luck."
When her parents had gone, Belle said, "Do you appreciate your luck, Jack?"
"I don't believe in luck. Not good luck. Only bad luck. If anything good comes to you, you get it by your own efforts, not by luck."
"You sound awfully conceited, Jack."
He wasn't offended; he considered it a crime to be honest with oneself.
"I'm just realistic. You taught me that long time ago."
"I thought you said you were still in love with me?" she said unwarily.
"I am."
"That's not being realistic."
"Maybe not. But it wouldn't have been realistic to have married someone when I was still in love with you."
"I'm sorry, Jack," she said sincerely. "But you're too romantic. It isn't true that people can only love once." But that was a lie; she could never love anyone else.
Adam.
He went to order more champagne, but she stopped him. "I don't like it, Adam," he said.
"I like it. It's just that I think I've had enough for this evening. I'm not used to it."
"Don't you trust me?" But he said it so lightly that she could not take offence. "Come on, let's have another dance."

LATER they came out into the Champs-Elysees and Brewster said, "Have you ever seen the Seine by moonlight?"

"No. And I'm not going to tonight. You've just been complaining about something feeling at us, then you suggest—"

"I'm not suggesting anything," he said, and once more he sounded stuffy. "If that's the way you feel—"

"All right, Jack. I never have seen the Seine by moonlight." And I may never see it again, she thought as they rode down in the taxi to the river. They got out and walked down the steps near the Pont d'Iena.

"I once saw a picture, 'An American in Paris'—"

She stopped, feeling suddenly naive and inexperienced. Her mother talked of being suburban; but she, too, was suburban. It struck her for the first time that all she knew of the world was what she saw in films and on television. Second-hand romance; it was all that she and millions of women like her had got. Oh, Adam, why aren't you here? I'm thirty-seven and I feel seventeen and I want to be kissed in the moonlight on the banks of the Seine—

"I saw the picture, too," Brewster said and leaned forward and kissed her. She tried to pull her face away, but his arm went round her and pulled her into him. She struggled, wanting to shout for help, but ashamed to, and who would listen to her here by the river that was made for romance? No Frenchwoman ever cried for help; she had read that somewhere. They would only laugh at her, an Englishwoman who didn't know how to handle a man after encouraging him. Had she had encouraged him by coming down here with him.

She pulled away from him and heard the front of her suit rip. "Blast you! Don't come near me. I'll see myself back to the hotel."

"Don't be stupid, Belle. You don't know your way. I'm sorry. I don't know what came over me—"

"I shouldn't have come," she said without thinking, and knew at once that if she hadn't conceded defeat she had at least conceded a draw; already the look of apology was fading from his face. "All right, Jack. Take me back to the hotel."
"Are we still friends?"

"No," she said, and the last twinge of conscience she had ever felt about him was gone.

"How many are coming to the party?" Adam asked.

"About twelve. Perhaps eighteen." Matt finished brushing his hair in front of the mirror. "May I have a loan of that silk cravat of yours? Oh, you've got it on."
"As if you hadn't noticed," Adam unbuttoned the cravat and handed it to Matt.

Matt grinned. "What are you going to do tonight, Dad? I mean, are you going to be in the house?"
"You mean am I going to be in the house? No. I'm going down to the Bat and Ball with Derek. I'm going to really enjoy every run of those fifty I scored this afternoon."

"I was glad to see you get those runs, Dad." Matt sat down on his bed and began to lace up his shoes. "I thought last week you had given the game up for good. And that wasn't the right day to retire. I mean, last Saturday."

"Why not?" said Adam, deliberately.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — May 30, 1962

ing back again next week. I'm deluded into thinking I'm as good as I ever was."

"Maybe you are, Dad," said Matt, not really believing what he said, but feeling close to his father tonight and wanting to comfort him.

Adam smiled, appreciating his son's affection and concern for him. "No. Next time I come up against the fast bowler of last week or another one just as quick—" He shook his head. "You can't go on for ever. But that's something you've got all the time in the world to learn. Who is your girl for tonight? Is it still on with Susan Burton?" Matt nodded. "Is she the one who persuaded

"The not out is the snare. If I'd got fifty and then been bowled, it would have been a good moment to retire. Having my wicket knocked down would have been a sort of end to it all. But I was not out, my innings wasn't finished."

"So where's the snare?"

Adam smiled. "I'm snared into go-

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"... hold your head still, sir."



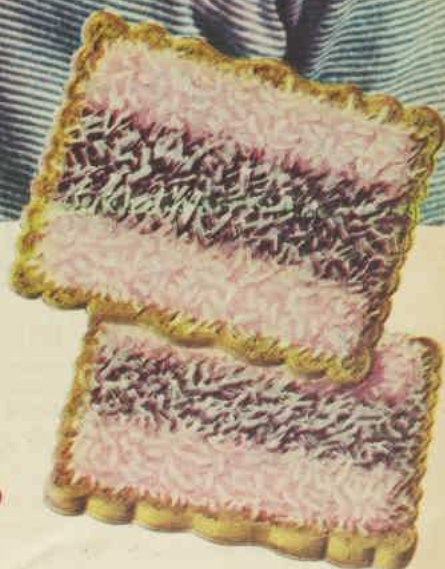
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Page 63

you to get your hair cut like that?"

Matt blushed. "How did you guess?"

"Your mother's tried the same trick with me. Women don't spend enough time on their own hair, they've got to start organising their men's heads, too. What about Susan and The Bomb? Or have you given up trying to have a serious discussion with her?"

Matt grinned, man to man. "Have you had a good look at her, Dad? Would you waste your time talking seriously with her?"

"Exactly my approach when I was your age," Adam smiled in reply; he felt as young as his son tonight. "But you watch yourself with her. I mean, don't get carried away."

Matt blushed again. "It's all right, Dad."

"Well, have a good time."

He escaped from Matt's room and out of the house. Derek was waiting for him in the public bar of the Bat and Ball. The pub-owner's wife, with false eyelashes and lips as sharp as knives, sliced Adam with a smile and handed him his mild-and-bitter.

"Missing your wife, Mr. Nash?"

"Naturally," said Adam, and closed that topic. The pub-owner's wife lived on gossip. Adam turned to Derek. "If all the women of the world were like her, I think I'd be like you. Remain a bachelor."

"I'm not exactly baching tonight," Derek said, and looked over Adam's shoulder. Adam turned and saw the girl coming through the crowd toward them from the ladies' room. It was

ALL characters in the serials and short stories which appear in *The Australian Women's Weekly* are fictitious and have no reference to any living person.

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a moment before he recognised Tracey Denham. "She was sitting here on her own when I came in. I asked her to join us, chum, you didn't mind, did you?"

Tracey reached them. She was dressed in a plain black dress that heightened the pallor of her face; Adam was surprised at how ill she looked. When she smiled hello to Adam, her face looked ready to break apart.

"I've been down at my brother-in-law's for the day," she said, and there was a defensive note in her voice.

"Freddy the fast bowler," said Derek helpfully, and Adam winced.

"Where's your husband?"

"Over in Paris. On business."

"What business is he in?"

Adam was hoping she would relax. He had been looking forward to a quiet night of drinking and talking cricket with Derek, but Tracey looked as if she would upset that plan.

"Oh, he does commissions for his father," Tracey picked up her pink gin and drank it down at a gulp. Adam waited for her to cough or flush, the effect that usually showed on Belle when she tossed off her drinks; but Tracey was evidently accustomed to drinking like this and did no more than narrow her eyes a little. "Where is your wife?"

"She's in Paris, too."

"Oh? You should have called me up then. This would have been a good weekend to talk about old times."

Adam looked at Derek, who was listening to all this with amused surprise. "What old times have you two got to talk about?"

"I used to take her a box of chocolates every Saturday night just before the war."

"No," said Tracey. "It was liquorice all-sorts. The chocolates were for Janet."

"Who was Janet?" Derek asked.

"My sister," said Tracey, and looked at Adam and said no more. It was as if she had realised that he wanted that chapter in his life closed. Derek was his closest friend, but they

"If I were married to a matador, I'd be interested in his work," Tracey said. "There's nothing in cricket to interest a woman. Or football or baseball, either. Not for me, anyway."

"Why bullfighting then?"



"Your green thumb amazes me, Miss Quigby. You've got me wondering whether I'm in an office or a greenhouse."

had never discussed their women together.

Derek picked up his drink, unembarrassed by the way the topic of Tracey's sister had been slammed shut. "Are you interested in cricket, Mrs. Denham?"

"Not in the least. I'm sorry."

"Pity. I wonder how professional cricketers get on? Or footballers or baseballers or matadors? Do they get married before they tell their wives what they do?"

Derek asked. "Is it the danger that appeals to you?"

"Perhaps. I don't know, really. It could be the thrill of being reunited with your husband each Sunday or whenever it is they hold the bullfights. I mean, it's like meeting your man coming home from the wars every week."

Derek gulped his beer and swallowed. "That's a real woman's outlook, if ever I heard one."

"No," said Tracey, sipping

pensively at her pink gin. "It is my outlook. Not every woman feels the way I do."

Adam looked covertly at her, suddenly aware of the morbidness in her. This wasn't going to be the pleasant evening he had looked forward to; not if she stayed on in this depressed and depressing mood. He thought of excusing himself and Derek, of going back to the house, and drinking and talking there; then he remembered that Matt's party was probably in full swing by now. All he could hope for was that Tracey would soon leave.

But she didn't. She stayed on till closing time, drinking steadily but not getting drunk, seemingly becoming more depressed all the time. At last the pub-owner called time.

"Goodnight, Mr. Nash," said the pub-owner's wife, sharpening her lips. "You must bring your friend again some time. She is very pretty."

"You have it wrong," said Adam deliberately. "She is Mr. Crippen's friend. She oils his cricket bat for him and whitens his boots for him."

"Oh!" The pub-owner's wife was losing one of her eyelashes. "She didn't look the type."

"None of us ever looks what he is," said Adam. "I'm a secret opium-smoker."

"Oh, go on with you, Mr. Nash," said the pub-owner's wife, and thought to herself that she would not be surprised if he were.

When Adam got outside, Derek was helping Tracey into her car. "You sure you'll be all right, gel? I'll drive you home if you like."

"I'm all right. Really." Tracey closed the door of the car carefully, as if to show that

she was all right. "I'll drive very slowly all the way home. I'm a girl who can hold her drink, Mr. Crippen. I've had plenty of practice. Mr. Crippen, did you ever have a relative, a Dr. Crippen?"

"I've been answering that question ever since I first went to prep school," Derek said with great patience. "You may not know it, dear gel, but I once wanted to be a doctor. But what patient in his right mind would ever send for a Dr. Crippen, eh?"

Tracey giggled. "I would send for you. Especially if I took poison."

Even Derek saw no humor in that remark. He patted her head with a rough hand. "Go home, gel. Get a good night's sleep and you'll feel all right in the morning."

Tracey looked up at him, went to say something, then changed her mind. She just nodded at him and Adam, started the car, and drove rapidly off. There was a screech of tyres as she went round the corner at the end of the village green, then they heard the car accelerating as it went up the hill of the main road toward London.

"I don't think I should have let her drive herself home," Derek said.

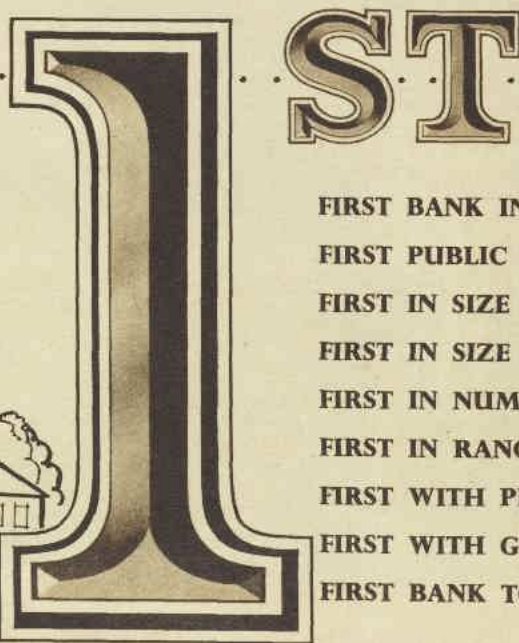
"There's nothing we can do about it now. At your age you're a bit past it to be worrying about other men's wives."

"Maybe you're right, chum. Good night." He let in the gears and took the car away with a roar and an explosion of gravel as the rear tyres bit into the drive outside the pub.

Adam started for home, eager to escape the Sheffield and the Quinns, who were coming out of the pub. He went up the hill, glad of the freshness of the night air; it

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had rained during the last hour and the trees and grass smelt of the rain. He wondered if it was raining in Paris. What was Belle doing in Paris tonight? He hoped that at least she was enjoying herself.

Long before he reached home he could hear the record-player in the living-room shivering the night. He hesitated about going in the front door, then walked round the side of the house, stumbling in the dark and being wiped across the face by a wet hollyhock. He came round the corner of the house and bumped headlong into Matt and Susan.

"Oh, sorry. I was trying to keep out of the way." Then he smiled to himself in the dark, thinking how ridiculous he must sound to Matt and his girl.

The record-player was still shaking the rafters in the living-room. He climbed the stairs to his bedroom. He undressed, got into bed, and picked up the three books he had got from the lending library that morning. None of them stood

a chance against that noise outside the door. He put them down and picked up the latest copy of "Punch." He wondered if Belle was listening to music anywhere and hoped that she was. Something a little more soothing than that coming from downstairs.

He had been in bed half an hour, still reading "Punch," when the phone rang. He picked up the extension beside the bed and heard two voices: Matt's and a woman's. Some sixth sense made him say quickly: "I'll take it, Matt. Go back to your party."

"Oh, sure, Dad. I thought you were asleep."

Matt hung up and Adam shook his head in wonder: did Matt really expect someone to be able to sleep through the din from downstairs? Then the woman's voice said, "Adam, this is Tracey Denham. I thought you might like to know I got home all right. A couple

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of near-misses, but nothing serious."

"I'm glad to hear that," he said, and his relief was genuine. But it puzzled him why she had called him at this late hour. He looked at his watch: eleven o'clock. That might be an early hour in Chelsea, but out here it was not a time for idle phone calls.

"Adam." There was a pause as if she were trying to pluck up courage to go on. "Adam, would you like to come up and talk about old times?"

He paused, too, before he answered. "Tracey, what's the point? I'm a married man now and Janet has been dead a long time."

"I wasn't thinking about Janet. I was thinking about myself. I'm sorry, I shouldn't have called."

"No, wait a minute. Don't hang up. Tracey! What's the matter?" Suddenly he knew she was desperately unhappy. Without thinking of the consequences, acting on the spur of the moment as he had done so often in the past, he asked her where she lived. "I'll be there as soon as I can. I don't know what we're going to talk about, but we'll talk about something."

He dressed quickly and went downstairs. He hesitated about going into the party and telling Matt he was going out; he might be back before the party finished and then he wouldn't have to answer awkward questions. He went out of the house, got the car out of the garage, and he hoped, drove away unobserved.

There was very little traffic on the road going toward London and he reached the Denham flat in little over half an hour. He was perturbed and surprised when he found it was just round the corner from Gaby's flat.

The Denham flat was one in a tall modern block. There was no one in the entrance hall when he went in; he stepped into the automatic lift and took himself to the top floor. Tracey was waiting at the open door of the flat for him as he stepped out of the lift.

"I heard the lift coming up. I knew it was you!" There was an exaggerated note to her voice that at once made him sorry he had come. He didn't feel she had cause to sound quite so relieved that he was here. "Oh, Adam, thank you for coming!"

TRACEY closed the door and led him into the flat. It did not appear to be a large flat, but the living-room was big, the floor split into two levels. Glass doors at one end of the room opened out on to a small terrace, and across neighboring roofs Adam could see the lighted face of Big Ben.

The flat was furnished in a style that was too modern for Adam's taste, but the colors in it gave it a certain warmth. Against a wall stood the biggest drink cabinet Adam had ever seen, its front opened to expose rows upon rows of sparkling bottles, the whole lot lit by concealed lighting.

"Drink?"

"No," Adam put his hands in his trousers pockets and began to wander about the room. Now he was here, he wasn't quite sure why he had come. The immediate reactions as soon as he had recognised the morbid depression in Tracey's voice had been to come and help her. But how was he to help a girl he didn't even know, let alone understand? "Tracey, why did you ring me?"

"To let you know I'd got home all right. That was all."

"No, it wasn't." All at once he knew he had been a fool to

come. She didn't want help. She wanted love. "Haven't you got any other friends?"

She was at the drink cabinet pouring herself a drink. She put the glass and bottle down with a thud and turned round. "What do you mean?" she stared at him, then abruptly came toward him. She stood close to him, looking up at him, and he could see the shock and hurt in her eyes.

Then he caught the smell of the perfume she wore and turned sharply away from her. All the women in his life were closing in on him: she used the same perfume as Gaby, the same as Belle had been wearing when he had kissed her goodbye at the airport — when was it? It seemed years ago.

ADAM opened one of the glass doors and walked out on to the terrace. She followed him. "I shouldn't have asked you, Adam. Serves me right for looking for sympathy. But, I don't know why, I thought you could give sympathy."

"What sympathy do you want from me, Tracey? I hardly know you. Haven't you any close friends? I don't mean men friends. Women friends?"

She leaned on the low wall and looked down into the street eight floors below. "All my friends are Bobby's friends. How do you think I can go to them for any sympathy?"

"Is he the trouble?" She nodded without looking at him, still staring down into the street below. "Do you still love him?"

She nodded again. "That's the real trouble. If I didn't, I could just walk out."

He could think of no more to say than, "I still don't know why you picked me to talk to."

"That night at the dance I watched you with your wife. She is a lovely woman, did you know that? But of course you do. I could see it in your face. You looked so happy together."

"I wasn't feeling particularly happy last Saturday night."

"If you weren't, it didn't show. Not when you were with your wife, anyway. I talked to Derek Crippen at the dance, without telling him how I knew you, and he told me you and your wife were the happiest married couple he had ever known. That was why I rang you tonight. How did you achieve your happiness, Adam?"

"You don't achieve happiness, Tracey. It just happens to you. It happened to me and Belle." He hesitated, then he said, "It could have happened to me and Janet. I don't know. But it could have."

"It didn't happen to me and Bobby. Within three months of marrying him, I knew I could never be happy with him." She beat her fist on the wall, her voice breaking in a sob. "I can't be happy away from him, either!"

"Have you tried being away from him?"

"I'm away from him tonight, aren't I? How do you feel, being away from your wife?"

"If you don't mind, Tracey," he said gently, "we'll leave Belle out of this."

She didn't appear to have heard him. "Or, anyway, he's away from me."

"It's not the same thing."

"It wouldn't work, whichever it was. He's over in Paris with some girl—Have you ever been unfaithful to your wife? No, I shouldn't ask that. She had seen the warning frown that had clouded his face. "I don't think you would be. It's nice to know there are still faithful husbands left in the world. Nice, but a little unbelievable. Bobby doesn't know

the meaning of the word 'faithful.' He thinks it is some sort of sick joke. And there are too many men like him. And women, too, I suppose. What's happened to all the old-fashioned ideas, Adam?"

"There are still some left," he said. "You just haven't been lucky enough to come across them, I suppose."

"What is it that gives you happiness with your wife?"

"That should be an easy question to answer." He was silent for a while, looking out across the rooftops, across the unseen husbands and wives coupled in happiness or grief or whatever it was that bound them together. "But it's not. It's the total of a thousand small things. And it's the total of two big things: I love her and she loves me."

"I love Bobby and he loves me. At least I'm sure he doesn't love anyone else. And there are times when I know he does love me, when he needs me as much as I need him. But it doesn't bring us happiness."

"Have you ever thought of having children? They help." I sound like a professional marriage counsellor.

"What if they didn't? What if Bobby still went on the way he does? He doesn't think the world is a fit place to bring kids into. Tomorrow will never come, that's his motto. You should have heard him some mornings after

one of his wild nights. He'd lie in bed and cry like a baby. That's when he needed me. It was when I loved him the most. The eternal mother, isn't that what they call us women? But lately—" She watched a barge go down the river, disappearing into the blackness under Chelsea Bridge as into a dark cavern.

"What's been happening lately?"

"Lately he doesn't cry any more in the mornings. He just lies there staring at the ceiling. It's like waking up beside a stranger. And you can't go on loving a stranger, Adam. You do go on, but it's killing. It's killing me."

"Doesn't he work?"

"He dabbles on the Stock Exchange. He calls himself the Capital Gains Kid. His mother and father spoil him, too. They don't believe in death duties; when they die they don't want to leave anything for the tax people to grab."

"So any spare money they have they pass out to Bobby and his brother." She smiled. "The fast bowler."

"I should have sued him last week when he hit me. Evidently he could afford to be sued."

"When Bobby proposed to me I thought it was going to be nice to be married to a young man with money, one who didn't have to work and could stay around the house all day and every day and make love to me. I've heard some women complain about the

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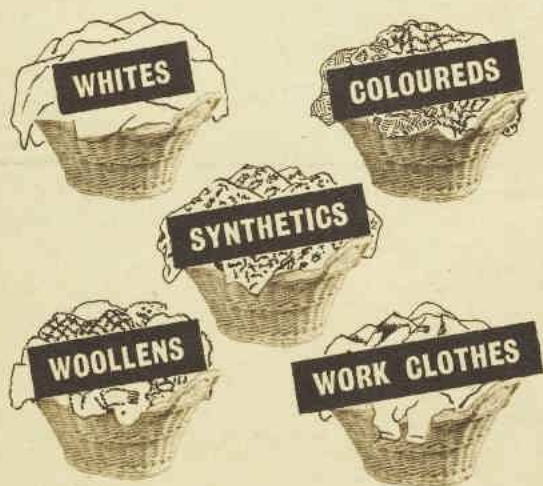
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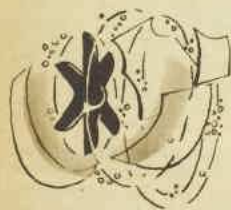
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THE COUNTRY OF MARRIAGE

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other extreme, husbands whom they never see because of their work. There must be a nice balance somewhere. You must have it."

Adam was surprised at what had happened to him in the past few minutes. He had begun to feel sorry for Bobby Denham, as well as for Tracey. The contempt was being replaced by pity. The gossip columnists had missed the tragedy in Bobby Denham: they had mistaken his frenetic gaiety for love of living. It wasn't: it was fear of dying. Bobby Denham had never marched to Aldermaston, didn't shout in gatherings in Trafalgar Square, but he was afraid of tomorrow as other young people were afraid of The Bomb. Why? Had optimism become a disease to be feared today? Was there a leprosy of spirit among the young?

"Are there many of his set like him?"

"I don't know," Tracey said. "Perhaps one or two. Most of them don't care about anyone or anything but themselves. They're just selfish. But Bobby—I'm afraid that some morning he won't just lie there staring at the ceiling. He'll get up and—and commit suicide or something. And that is what is killing me. The thought of being left behind by him."

The phone rang inside the house, harshly insistent. Tracey looked at Adam, startled and

frightened. Then she turned and ran inside, snatching up the phone as if she had been waiting frantically for news. "Bobby? Oh, No, I'm sorry, you have the wrong number. No, this isn't Linda. No, I'm sorry." She put the phone down as Adam came in from the terrace. "Wrong number."

"Did you expect it to be Bobby?"

"Not really. He never phones when he goes away for week-ends. He once told me it was his only way of showing his respect for me."

ADAM smiled. "Yet you would have answered it, wouldn't have hung up, if it had been him."

"Love goes deeper than pride, Adam. In women, anyhow." She looked up at him, her mouth twisted. "How do you show respect for your wife, Adam?"

"When I've gone you'll be sorry you asked me that question."

She stared at him, then abruptly she nodded, her hair falling down over her forehead. "You're right. I can't even speak decently to decent people now. I envy them too much. I'm sorry, Adam. I'm sorry I brought you all the way up

here to burden you with my troubles. It's stupid to talk of old times. You can never bring them back."

"You and I never had any old times to talk about."

"We did." She nodded vigorously, the hair bobbing on her forehead. "When I was a little girl, I envied you and Janet even then. You don't know it, Adam, but you've looked happy all your life. All the time I've known you."

The facade we present to the world, he thought. The mask that remains unpenetrated. All the world's a stage and all the world's best actors were the non-professionals. Because each of us, except the saints, can at times bury himself completely in the character he presents to the world. Something no actor, no matter how brilliant, can ever do. Because the actor, if he is brilliant, was also a personality. And I'm no personality.

I'm just a middle-aged man in the middle of the century burdened by a sense of sin, touched by the tragedies of others, fearful of death, trying to find happiness where I can, because I know it exists and I am by nature an optimist. And perhaps the impersonation was as simple as that: be an optimist and look like a happy man.

"You haven't seen me in the

To page 70

HAZEL . . .

. . . by Ted Key



"Four-leaf clover!"

(Hazel can be seen on Sydney's Channel 9 at 7 p.m. Fridays; Adelaide's Channel 7 at 7 p.m. Mondays; Melbourne's Channel 7 at 7.30 p.m. Wednesdays; and Brisbane's Channel 7 at 8 p.m. Thursdays.)

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The Australian Women's Weekly - May 30, 1962

***** AS I READ *****
THE STARS

By EVE HILLIARD: Week starting May 23.



ARIES

MAR. 21-APR. 20
★ Lucky number this week, 5.
★ Gambling clrs., green, brown.
★ Lucky days, Wed., Saturday.



TAURUS

APR. 21-MAY 20
★ Lucky number this week, 3.
★ Gambling colors, mauve, rose.
★ Lucky days, Friday, Sat.



GEMINI

MAY 21-JUNE 21
★ Lucky number this week, 4.
★ Gambling clrs., orange, black.
★ Lucky days, Thurs., Tuesday.



CANCER

JUNE 22-JULY 22
★ Lucky number this week, 9.
★ Gambling colors, red, grey.
★ Lucky days, Sat., Tuesday.



LEO

JULY 23-AUG. 22
★ Lucky number this week, 8.
★ Gambling colors, black, blue.
★ Lucky days, Friday, Monday.



VIRGO

AUG. 23-SEPT. 23
★ Lucky number this week, 6.
★ Gambling colors, blue, silver.
★ Lucky days, Sunday, Tuesday.



LIBRA

SEPT. 24-OCT. 23
★ Lucky number this week, 7.
★ Gambling colors, tricolors.
★ Lucky days, Friday, Sunday.



SCORPIO

OCT. 24-NOV. 23
★ Lucky number this week, 1.
★ Gambling colors, brown, gold.
★ Lucky days, Wed., Tuesday.



SAGITTARIUS

NOV. 23-DEC. 20
★ Lucky number this week, 3.
★ Gambling colors, violet, grey.
★ Lucky days, Wed., Sunday.



CAPRICORN

DEC. 21-JAN. 19
★ Lucky number this week, 2.
★ Gambling colors, white, black.
★ Lucky days, Sat., Monday.



AQUARIUS

JAN. 20-FEB. 19
★ Lucky number this week, 5.
★ Gambling colors, grey, navy.
★ Lucky days, Thurs., Friday.



PISCES

FEB. 20-MAR. 20
★ Lucky number this week, 9.
★ Gambling colors, rose, blue.
★ Lucky days, Sat., Sunday.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.]

Sulky Sally, yesterday



Look
at her
today

**HAPPY AND WELL
THE LAXETTE WAY**

When your child is crabby, naughty or nery, it may be constipation that's upset her normal happy nature. If she pushes food away; if she torments her brother; if her temper flares up, she's showing her distress. Aren't you glad you can make her happy and well overnight—the Laxette way?

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LA 35

Continuing . . . THE COUNTRY OF MARRIAGE

years between," he said. "You missed out twenty years."

"It would have shown if you had been unhappy," she said. "Unhappiness leaves its mark."

He looked at her eyes and couldn't deny the truth of what she said. There had been the same look in Janet's eyes whenever she had mentioned her crippled foot. He leaned forward and kissed Tracey on the cheek.

"For old times' sake," he said. There was nothing he could do for her. He left her standing in the middle of the room, the huge drink cabinet glittering behind her like a gaudy cinema organ. He went down in the lift and out through the empty entrance hall. As he walked toward

his car he saw her red car parked on the opposite side of the road. He crossed the road and walked round the car. There was a deep dent on the offside mudguard; the headlamp had been smashed and the shards of glass were still caught in the rim. One or two near-misses, she had said. How close did she go before she considered it a hit? Or didn't she care any more?

He went across to his own car, got in, and drove slowly home. He drove gravely and sadly, as if coming home from a funeral. Somehow, tonight at least, part of the old times had been lowered into the grave.

The house was silent and in darkness when he pulled the car into the

drive and slid it gently into the garage. He let himself quietly in the front door and crept up the stairs to his bedroom. He snapped on the light, went across and sat down on the bed, and slipped off his shoes. Then he looked up to see Matt, in his pyjamas, standing in the doorway.

"Mum rang from Paris, Dad."

"Oh!" He put his shoe carefully down on the floor, as if still not wanting to waken anyone. "Was there something wrong?"

"No. I don't think so. She just wanted to talk to you."

"What did you say?"

"I said you were out." There was

concern in the boy's voice. "Where did you go, Dad? I couldn't sleep till I heard you come back."

Adam took off his tie and began to unbutton his shirt. "Someone wanted some advice."

"In the middle of the night?"

"That's when some of us are most in need of it." He took off his shirt and looked down at his ribs. The bruise was very faint now. Even Freddy the demon fast bowler was fading into the past. "I just didn't have any advice to give this girl, that was all."

"Was it the girl I met last Saturday night?" Adam nodded. "She wasn't one of your old girl-friends, was she, Dad?"

"No, Matt, she wasn't. Ours was the most innocent relationship you could meet. Our only bond was a packet of liquorice all-sorts. No romance ever grew out of liquorice all-sorts."

Matt looked puzzled, but said nothing. He had long ago given up asking his father to explain his private jokes. He trusted his father completely; but he had been worried. He had recognised the voice on the phone, and he had felt resentful that a strange woman should ring up his father, especially when his mother was away.

Then, when one of the crowd had told him they had seen his father taking the car out of the garage and driving away, he had felt almost sick. He had lost interest in the party, and at midnight Susan Burton had told him off for being so boorish and had gone home. The others had soon followed her, and he had been left alone amidst the debris of the party in the silent house. He had been too dispirited to bother about cleaning up the party mess. He had gone to bed and lain wide awake, seeing his father in all sorts of compromising situations and striving not to believe any of the images that plagued his imagination. He had breathed an audible sigh of relief when he had heard the car pull into the garage.

"Dad," He hesitated, and tightened the cord of his pyjama trousers. "Dad, would you rather Mum didn't know about this?"

ADAM took off his trousers and hung them carefully in the closet. He was usually not as tidy as this, and Belle was always grumbling about having to put things away after him. Tonight, with her out of the house, he was acting like a model husband. Well, almost: "If you mean am I going to ask you not to mention it—no. There's nothing sinister or sordid in what I did tonight. But now is as good a time as any for you to learn something about women. They don't like to hear about any other woman who has engaged their husband's attention."

"You mean Mum would rather not hear about this, even though nothing happened?"

"Don't say it like that." Adam went along to the bathroom to clean his teeth, and Matt, in his bare feet, padded after him. Adam picked up the tube of toothpaste, and noted with satisfaction that while he and Matt had been using it this week it had been squeezed only from the bottom. The impression of feminine fingers was missing from the top of the tube.

"Even though nothing happened. Nothing was likely to happen. I am not and never was interested in this girl in that way. As for Mum not wanting to hear about it—yes and no. If she never learns about it, good. If she does learn about it, she'll wish she'd never heard of it, and at the same time abuse me for not having told her." He began to clean his teeth. "Yumnerstan?"

Matt nodded. "I think so. Is that what they call feminine logic?"

Adam finished brushing his teeth. "Only a misogynistic fool would attempt to define feminine logic. The rest of us just learn to live with it without trying to understand it." He went back to the bedroom, got into his pyjamas and got into bed. Matt had followed him from the bathroom.

"Dad, what was the name of the girl you saw tonight? I didn't catch it when you introduced me last Saturday night."

"It doesn't matter, then. I don't think she'll ever ring me up for advice again, so the incident is over and closed." He lay back against the headboard and looked at Matt leaning against the door-jamb. "Matt, are you an optimist?"

Matt bit the end of his thumb while he considered his prospect of the world. "I think so."

"Despite The Bomb?"

Matt hesitated, then nodded. "I think so, Dad."

"Then I've got nothing to worry about," said Adam. "Put the light out, will you? Goodnight."

Matt switched out the light and went slowly back to his own bedroom. What had his father meant when he had said he had nothing to worry about? Was that another of his corny private jokes? Or was it a piece of indefinable masculine logic?

To be concluded

The novel "The Country of Marriage" is published by William Collins.

Printed by Compress Printing Limited for the publisher, Australian Consolidated Press Limited, 188-174 Castlereagh Street, Sydney.

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MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN

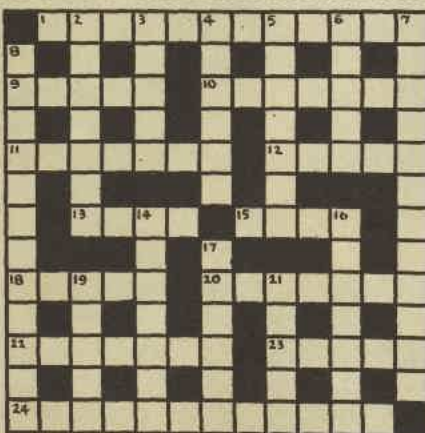
SPECIAL guards are placed in the museum to guard the priceless paintings which are mysteriously disappearing. As the guard dozes, strange things begin to happen. NOW READ ON . . .



THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS

1. This may happen to celebrate a legal appointment (4, 2, 3, 3).
9. Happen again concerning a worthless dog (5).
10. The State's income I take with a public vehicle, and it's still a public vehicle (4-3).
11. A type of barometer (7).
12. A drink or a blow (5).
13. Could be on either your left or right (4).
15. Entrance to a mine (4).
18. Robin to place in a sphere (5).
20. A red pet becoming smaller at the end (7).
22. Sirius (3, 4).
23. Previous with an alternative ending (5).
24. A case for the discs (6-5).



Solution will be published next week.

DOWN

2. The heavenly one is the Sagittarius (7).
3. Slowly in a dignified style (5).
4. Groups of eight (6).
5. An animal with six feet (7).
6. To save this part of the pig means safety (5).
7. Make social contact by causing friction (3, 9).
8. Turns handle on barrel (5-7).
14. He talks on one side (7).
16. White ant, you can meter it (7).
17. A stiffener with a heavenly beginning (6).
19. Belonging to an unrestrained celebration (5).
21. Relating to the Pope (5).



Solution of last week's crossword.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - May 30, 1962

Fashion PATTERNS

Fashion Patterns and Needlework Notions may be obtained from Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris Street, Ultimo, Sydney. Postal address: Fashion Patterns, Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney, New Zealand readers should address orders to Box 6344, Wellington. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

F7581. — High-necked frock has flared skirt, tie at waist. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires: Three-quarter sleeves, 2½yds. 54in. material; short sleeves, 4yds. 36in. Price 4/-.

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F7583. — Small boy's pullover waistcoat. Sizes six to 12 years. Requires 1yd. 54in. material or 1½yds. 36in. Price 3/-.

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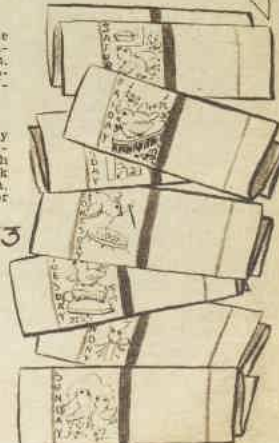
651



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653



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